

Nation's BUSINESS

JULY 1951



The money
he needed
moved around
with him



AN EMPLOYEE of an automobile sales and service agency in Buffalo, New York, tried to keep on working although he was not in good health.

He finally broke down and was taken from his home in Buffalo to a Veterans Hospital in another town. Following hospitalization, he convalesced at a relative's home in Ohio.

The man was insured for weekly sickness benefits under a Group Insurance Plan set up and administered for his employer by The Travelers. Travelers Claim men at the three locations followed his progress. And the money he needed so much during his illness was paid to him every week on the dot—at home, at the hospital, and at his relative's.

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For three-quarters of a century the Bell System has rendered service of more and more value to the American people. The telephone began in this country. Here it has been most widely developed and used. This is a great asset in helping to defend the freedom of the United States.

Our telephone service is also a product of freedom. In the building of the Bell System, countless discoveries and inventions have had to be achieved by the inquiring spirit of free men. Opportunity has been open to all. Competition has flourished throughout the organization. Worth-while incentives

and reasonable rewards have fostered the will and capacity for leadership. In the rendering of service day by day, the responsibility to get the message through is accepted as a public trust: that too is the exercise of freedom.

All that has been achieved flows from the nation we serve. Under public regulation, the Bell System has generally been allowed the freedom it needs to perform its service well. It is essential that this freedom to serve be undiminished; that research and invention go vigorously forward; that new leaders be encouraged and prepared to lead; and that earnings be

fully adequate to continue to pay good wages to employees, and a return to investors sufficient to attract and protect the billions of dollars of savings that make the service possible.

Through the years private enterprise and public policy in telephone communication have returned a value beyond price. We are confident they will do no less in the years to come. We are determined to meet the responsibilities entrusted to us, and we pledge our utmost efforts, always, in devotion to the public service and to the lasting security and advantage of the people of the United States.

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ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT

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-Southern Railway



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"We estimate that our National Machines save us about \$300,000 a year. This saving pays for these machines in approximately 13 months."

Ernest E. Norris
President

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM



PAYROLL DEPARTMENT

a year!"
System



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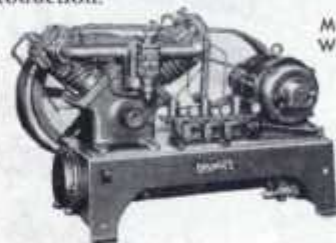
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Santa Fe—all the way



IMAGINE anyone handling 25,000 labor disputes. That's the number that Harry Uviller, the impartial chairman of New York's dress industry, has taken on in the past 15 years. Today more cases are filed with his office than all the arbitrations in General Motors, Chrysler, Ford and U. S. Steel combined. In "He Makes Strikes Look Foolish," IRWIN ROSS takes the wraps off this legendary arbiter.

Ross, a newcomer to NATION'S BUSINESS, started to write for magazines in 1940 when he was a senior at Harvard University. Following graduation he had an editorial job in New York, then served in the Army until the end of '45. He's been free lancing ever since.

A SHORT while ago we received the following telegram: "Article enroute to you I'm enroute to small remote island populated by men who can't read." The message was from DOROTHY KILGALLEN; the article she referred to is "The Trouble With Men." You can judge whether Miss Kilgallen should proceed on that trip as planned.



And before we proceed further we'd like to say that Miss Kilgallen is actually Mrs. Richard Kollmar and the mother of two children; that she really enjoys the company of men more than the company of women; and that she is sure almost none of the faults described in the article apply to her own husband.

Miss Kilgallen writes a Broadway column for the New York Journal American and other newspapers throughout the country. She broadcasts a 45-minute "Mr. and Mrs." program six days a week with her husband and does two television shows a week—NBC's

"Leave It To the Girls" and CBS's "What's My Line?" On top of all that she does occasional fiction and nonfiction pieces for magazines.

Miss Kilgallen explains her capacity for work by saying she enjoys it—otherwise she couldn't do it. And to help out, she has a theory that you can accomplish a great deal by doing two things at once. So she listens to news broadcasts and disc jockeys while she bathes, plays foreign language phonograph records while she dresses, and frequently has music on.

FROM the shores of Lake Superior (Fort William, Canada) to the intersection of Umpawaug Road and Peaceable Street in West Redding, Conn., roughly marks the life trail of **RICHARD TAYLOR**, illustrator of the Kilgallen article. There's no telling where he might be living today had it not been for a cartoon contest—circa 1922—in the country of his birth. Taylor claims it launched him on a "mad career," beginning with many years of near-starvation and ending up in Connecticut as a "pampered brat of the U. S. pictorial humor."

In 1936, Taylor picked up what was left of his belongings and cleared out of Toronto in favor of New York. Not being able to take the big city, he headed for the New England hills, where he has lived for some 11 years. Incidentally, he's so sold on New Englanders that he considers them "God's Chosen People" and never will forgive his ancestors for fighting against them. "I come from a long line of Redcoats," he points out.

Taylor lives in what amounts to a lamasery, an ancient barn converted into a studio-house; and seldom, if ever, ventures very far from it. The world comes right up to his door upon which is posted a sign, saying: "Notice To All Casual Callers: I am busy all the time. You have arrived at precisely the wrong moment, as usual. Is it asking too much that you telephone first for an appointment?"

Of his own work, Taylor says: "I am constantly miscast. For some obscure reason I am selected continually to illustrate sophisticated New Yorkers in dinner jackets and evening gowns, on Park Avenue or in the night spots of Manhattan. I never wear a dinner jacket, dislike Manhattan, and have only



I bumped into the Florist and knocked over a contract—



he taught me to
**Say it with
FLOWERS-BY-WIRE**

He was just coming out of his shop; I was running for a train. We both were shaken up.

I apologized by explaining that I'd missed the early train, and was bound to be late for a customer's sales meeting.

"Why don't you wire flowers?" he asked.

"They're sure to arrive on time . . . and there's no more graceful way to explain."

I did, and the customer loved it. Taught me something: the nicest way to ask for an order is to say it with FLOWERS-BY-WIRE.

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THOUGHTS WHILE LUNCHING ALONE

That fire over at the Blank Company will set them back plenty... wonder when and if we'll get the money they owe us...



They've always been a good credit risk, still...



Hey! We can get cash for past due accounts through our AMERICAN CREDIT INSURANCE POLICY!



Good thing our Accounts Receivable are guaranteed by AMERICAN CREDIT INSURANCE... it's kept us out of many a jam when our customers couldn't pay!



Get the facts on sound credit policy - and AMERICAN CREDIT INSURANCE - by writing for this free booklet!



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been in a night club once—which was more than enough."

And he hasn't been near the big city in at least four years.

FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE is the author of this month's short story, "Here's How It Is, Kids." He was born in Greenfield, Mass., but moved to Redlands, Calif., when he was five months old. Later his family moved to Port Angeles, Wash., where he was exposed to some of the best hunting and fishing in the world.



But life wasn't all play. Pierce spent his summers at many jobs—lumbering in the big timber country, quarrying, longshoring. He learned the orange packing business in California, where he also worked in a mental hospital.

Eventually he decided to take up law and bought a motorcycle to ride between classes at the University of Washington and a job downtown. Somehow Pierce wound up doing a piece for the *Pacific Motorcyclist* and caught the writing bug. Since then he has sold more than 1,000 stories to the pulps and slicks. He never finished law school, but he has used law in his yarns.

Once a year Pierce teaches fiction writing at the University of Washington.

Some of his students are now his competitors. "Will I ever learn?" he wonders. "But it's a thrill just the same."

When not pounding at his typewriter, Pierce likes to fish, hunt, watch ball games and crew races.

THIS month's cover painting is by **GLEN FLEISCHMANN**, who has been doing covers for us for more than



a year. His career started back in 1929 when an acquaintance told him about a friend who was making \$75 a week as a commercial artist. Fleischmann immediately enrolled in an art school, hoping eventually to make a living without working. "It was the stupidest miscalculation of my life," he recalls. For it was not until ten years later that he was able to crack the big time with an assignment with the *Saturday Evening Post*. It's been pleasant sailing since then.

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

✓ WE'RE IN THE MIDST of -flation.
In- for some. De- for others.
Peaks and valleys. That's business
outlook for the rest of 1951.

✓ ON THE UP SIDE there are—
Direct defense (plus closely
allied) producers whose capacities are
filled, even strained.
There aren't many of these. Among them
are shipyards, makers of aircraft
engines (jet, piston types), builders of
electric generating equipment, a few
metals, chemicals, rubber.

Adding pressure on the up side are
industries expecting big armament
orders, getting ready for them.

Among these: Auto makers, tank pro-
ducers, aircraft builders—who haven't
yet reached existing plant capacity,
won't this year.

But altogether, defense expenditures
will not reach an annual rate greater
than \$45,000,000,000 in 1951, except in
all-out war.

That's jump from \$30,000,000,000 rate,
midyear.

Means last half average rate of about
\$40,000,000,000.

In an economy in which gross national
product is expected to reach \$330,000,-
000,000 by year's end, that is only
approximately 12 per cent in direct
defense expenditures.

Call it 20 per cent to include closely
allied industries.

What about the other 80 per cent of
the economy? That's a \$265,000,000,000
section.

Some part of it will be carried along
by war industries, meeting their needs,
the needs and desires of war workers.

But not all of it. You may expect val-
leys in nondefense plants, areas.

Even in armament production centers
retail sales in recent months have been
lower (in units) than a year ago.

✓ POSSIBILITY OF EXPANSION in defense
expenditures adds pressure on up
side.

Civilian chiefs of Defense Department
already have warned Congress they'll be
in for more than the \$60,000,000,000
budgeted for the new fiscal year if
Korean war runs on.

Replacing a lost B-47 jet bomber costs

\$3,476,000. Tag on a World War II B-17
was \$402,000.

New Walker Bulldog tank costs \$175,-
000. Compares with \$39,600 for light
tank during last war.

But there's another side to the higher
cost story. Policy is to broaden base of
production. That means new plants—but
plants in some instances manned by
skeleton forces.

✓ WHEN YOU ARE thinking about this
nation's ability to produce, look
back at the record.

In the past year this country has—
Supplied the greatest consumer demand
in its history.

Sharply increased stockpiling rate.
And at the same time increased inven-
tories by 20 per cent.

Not only inventories—but the capacity
to produce them—overhang today's
markets.

Sharpen your selling, brother. Some
people have forgotten how.

✓ CONSUMERS NEVER have been offered
more. But they buy less. Why?

Because they're offered so much.
Availability has reversed consumer psy-
chology from the fear that brought on
buying sprees—and rising prices.

There's growing feeling across the
nation that U. S. can produce enough to
meet civilian demand alongside any
likely defense production rate.

Biggest unknown in that possibility:
Without scares, emotional upsurges, what
is civilian demand?

✓ SHORTAGES VANISH while goods are on
the way.

Note that biggest inventories in July
are in lines that were short last fall.

It was only few weeks ago that a gov-
ernment spokesman pronounced nylon
hosiery a morale builder, said steps
would be taken to maintain supply.

Now nylon hosiery makers chop prices
to move overstocks.

A 37 per cent cutback in third quarter
automobile production still will offer
retail market as many cars as it bought
in year ago third quarter—when a war-
scare buying rush was in full swing.

How? Cutback means 1,200,000 units may
be built. Compares with slightly less

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER


than 1,900,000 in year-ago period.

Add stocks now on dealers hands—about 700,000 cars—and the two periods show up even.

Big difference: There's little (if any) buying against scarcity now. So 37 per cent cutback could offer more cars than market will absorb.

How does your own line stack up with that possibility?

Note: Market cutbacks in some other line may mean softening of materials squeeze in your line.

 **MORE SOFT SPOTS** will develop in next 90 days.


That's finding of National Association of Purchasing Agents' survey committee.

Market, price wariness shows up in manufacturers' buying policies.

There's pronounced shift toward very short-term buying in industrial materials.

More than 80 per cent are ordering on hand-to-mouth basis—90-day commitments, or shorter.

Purchasing agents' survey is on selective basis, covers more than 200 manufacturers in different lines, different areas to show cross-section view of all manufacturing industry.

 **MIDYEAR OUTLOOKS** cause President's economic advisers to scratch their statistic-packed heads.


Year ago midyear report was due shortly after outbreak of Korean war. Congress was talking about a \$10,000,000,000 armament outlay.

The advisers saw it as a bigger problem, came out right.

This year they see rising defense outlay, which is inflationary.

And an inventory-demand relationship in consumer goods that isn't.

Their report will come out mid-July. Then you can scratch your head.

 **POPULATION SHIFT**—perhaps greatest in nation's history—is in progress. Doesn't show up in government figures so far—but it does show up in business of intercity movers.

One of the largest national organizations of movers finds its household goods business rushing along 40 per cent greater than last year—biggest year

ever—including World War II period.

Here's the shift pattern—


In northeastern area—east of Pittsburgh, north of Chesapeake Bay, three families are moving out to two moving in.

Midwest—between the Appalachians and the Rockies, ins and outs are even.

South, two in to one out.

West of the Rockies, two in to one out.

Washington, D. C., same thing.

 **BIG VOLUME** of subcontractors' war work comes in overflow from prime contractors.


So far defense program isn't big enough to create much overflow.

That's why you'll hear continuing complaint from smaller plants—to effect that they are being left out, despite government policy to spread war work.

Here's what smaller plant operators find when they check with prime contractors with whom they worked during last war—

Primes often use their orders to expand, train their own work forces, fill their own plants first. They plan quick expansion of output by switching part of production to subs.

Note: Policy of broadening the base indicates comparatively few orders will reach overflow stage.

 **FRESH MONEY**, fewer outlets for it, will bring freer mortgage market by late fall. But at higher interest rates.

Insurance companies put up about half the money for all U. S. dwelling mortgages.


Tighter credit policy on part of Government caused them to stop selling U. S. bonds to put the money in higher earning rate mortgages.

Bond earnings at their present 2.6 per cent rate are more attractive than mortgages at 4, or even 4½ per cent.

Servicing a mortgage loan—bookkeeping, collecting, and such, costs about 1½ per cent. And there's far greater risk than in governments.

But premiums plus reinvestment funds pouring into insurance companies equal about half a billion a month.

When existing commitments are met this inflow of funds will be seeking investment—at the same time that housing starts are dropping off rapidly.

 **LOOK TO YOUR LABOR** supply—not at government policy—for indication of coming wage rates.

Supply, demand still set payroll costs. Industries under pressure to pro-

duce recognize that, seek higher pay levels in view of existing, expected competition for manpower.

Ford, General Motors, Packard went along with unions to maintain automatic increases that cracked ceiling.

Bethlehem Steel, other shipbuilders joined with unions to get above-formula increases.

Even Maritime Administration (federal agency) supported shipbuilders, argued on their behalf that higher pay was imperative to stop flow of shipyard workers to higher-paying jobs.

In all these examples employers could have expected government support to hold down raises to combat inflation.

But none took advantage of that. They followed traditional, practical policy based on fact that wage rates react much more sharply to demand, or lack of it, than to government edict.

✓ **YOU WON'T KNOW** final form of this year's tax bill until late September, possibly October.

Hearings before Senate Finance Committee will last through July, into August. Then Senate version of bill will be drafted, reported to main body around Sept. 1.

After floor debate, revision, passage, bill will go to Senate-House conference. Ironing out differences will take at least two weeks. Then bill goes back to each house for passage.

Note: Summer recess, if it comes, will not delay tax bill. Committee that has it would remain in session.

✓ **TAXES WILL CUT** corporate profits this year.

Particularly those of fast growing companies, others with low earnings in 1946-49 base period. Expansion sends these into top excess profits brackets quickly.

Under existing tax law no corporation is taxed more than 62 per cent of its net.

Under proposed law ceiling would be raised to 70 per cent. That's a cut of 21 per cent in remaining profit.

Do corporations pay taxes from profits, or regard them as a cost, pass them on?

They can't this year. They're selling goods now on which they can't compute taxes—the rate isn't set.

✓ **TAKE A NEW LOOK** at your outstanding accounts.

Failures rise when prices soften. Overextensions, narrowed margins cause some businesses to shut their doors.

MANAGEMENT'S WASHINGTON LETTER

Are your debtors operating in mortgaged property? Have they paid their taxes? Remember, these are first claims, come ahead of others.

If you have some questionable accounts you might check courthouse records for mortgages, other prior liens.

✓ **DON'T EXPECT** relaxed credit controls to bring sudden upswing in business.

People use credit, along with current income and savings to acquire things when there was strong competition for goods.

Now higher current income means less need for credit. And there's little competition for goods.

It took three months for Regulation W to take its designed effect. Consumer credit rose through the end of last year before it turned downward.

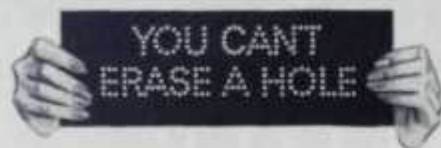
Note double effect of lowering consumer credit. Rising credit expands demand. Level credit sustains demand. But lowering credit diminishes it.

✓ **ADDRESS YOUR** congressman as "Honorable." And do it frequently.

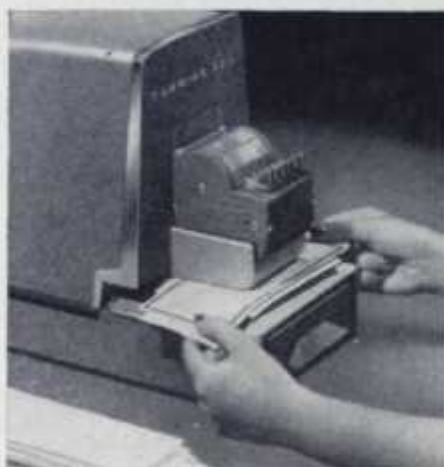
So the A. F. L. advises its members—with those two points at the top of the list. Others:

Use organization stationery. Don't mention politics. Don't threaten him.

✓ **BRIEFS:** Net savings of U. S. people—relative to their disposable income—during first quarter dropped 18 per cent under 1950 average. . . . Air Force completes agreement with private contractors for operation of nine pilot training schools, using World War II surplus bases. One requirement, quick expansibility. . . . Harvard study shows department store profit after taxes was 3.8 cents per sales dollar last year. Specialty stores made 2.65 cents. . . . President Roosevelt told Congress in 1943 that it was "not only logical but highly desirable" to take by taxation all of an individual's income above \$25,000 a year. Congress didn't go along—then. But under upcoming tax bill it would take a net taxable income of \$330,000 to give a single man the purchasing power the late Mr. Roosevelt suggested. . . . Overstocks, not Supreme Court decisions, bring price wars.



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R. L. DUFFUS

Du PAIN



"Next stop Paris!"

I DIDN'T really believe we were going to France until, after our plane had hoisted itself into the air from the field at Sidney, Nova Scotia, the hostess came down the aisle to announce: "Next stop Paris!" Airplane travel is at once the most wonderful mechanical thing in the world and the most casual; the hostess was as matter-of-fact as though she had been saying, "Next stop South Norwalk" on my regular commuting run.

We ate and dozed and woke and dozed some more and ate again, like passengers in a cross-country bus, and then, suddenly, there was France beneath us, the land look-



ing combed, brushed and inconceivably neat, and in a few minutes we were trundling across the field at Orly toward new adventures.

Our watches, if we had kept them on New York time, would have said nine o'clock but the Paris clocks, the slows ones, the fast ones and the exact ones, had struck two, or were about to strike two. One's ideas of time get all cluttered up when one makes a long trip by air; how can something happen simultaneously at nine o'clock and at two o'clock.

Maybe we dreamed it

I WONDER how many persons, making journeys in faraway lands, remember them afterwards almost as dreams. I begin to think of our French vacation in that fashion: the night on Montmartre; the dinner at the little restaurant on the Isle de la Cité; the long swing by motorcar east and south and west and north; the mountains, plains, rivers, old castles,

churches; the people by the roadside; the feeling of old, old times still surviving in the present. Did these things really happen to us? I think they did. I made notes as we went along; so did my wife; and we still have them. But perhaps it was two other people who drove so far in "Pudgie" through the lovely, dramatic land of France.

Speaking the language

THERE are a number of dialects in France—Parisian, Norman, Breton, Provençal and others. We didn't sample all of them but we got the idea. The purest French is spoken at Tours or Grenoble—so the residents of those cities say. When we were in France another dialect was added—the kind I spoke. (The lady who accompanied me had a French of her own, too, and when my French failed—and often sooner—we called on *her* French.) I had little trouble in making myself understood. At least so I thought. I don't really know, for my French often produced a flow of French French which completely submerged me. But I have found that the French equivalents of "Yes" and "I see" will go a long way; and a friendly smile never has to be translated.

We didn't starve

MANY persons going to France, including authors of travel books, like to tell about the good restaurants they know. I thought it might be interesting to find some bad ones. Once (I won't say where) we thought we had succeeded, for the omelet was mediocre, but the soup, cheese, coffee and dessert were good and the lady who cooked and served the meal was charming. The worst difficulty we had, when we dropped in at roadside inns, was that the French wanted us to eat more than we had room for. A simple lunch might begin with hors d'oeuvres, and these wouldn't be olives and little things curled up on bits of toast or bread but substantial slices of sausage or some-

thing. Then would come the omelet or fish or both, then the main meat course, then cheese, fruit and coffee. If we went straight through we would arise with our eyes slightly glazed; if we didn't our hosts would be surprised and saddened. I might mention one hospitable French home we visited, with a previous introduction. The hostess apologized because she had expected us several days earlier and she and her husband, she said, had eaten up all they had prepared for us. Then she brought on, in succession, at least six or seven courses, each one good, each one in generous servings. We went back to our hotel full of good will and other things, but glad that the continental breakfast is slim.

The Riviera

WE HAD a look at the Riviera, which lacks sand but has plenty of scenery. It looked slightly familiar, and suddenly it struck me that if there had been a few elderly gentlemen around talking Middle West and playing horseshoes it could have been Southern California.

As to French cats

I PROMISED Petunia, our feline pride and joy, that I would bring back a report on French cats. The facts, as I have explained them to her, are substantially as follows: French cats, as a whole, seem better adjusted than American cats. They come in all colors, shapes and sizes, except green. They vary regionally. A Gascon cat pays no attention whatever to anything or anybody it does not know; it seldom lives to a great age. Provençal cats lie down in the middle of busy roads and take it for granted the traffic will detour around them; it generally does. Basque cats are proud to the point of haughtiness; this doesn't get them anywhere but they don't mind, because they don't want to get anywhere. Paris cats don't care—their motto is here today, gone tomorrow. Cats on the Riviera are snobs and won't eat anything but caviar. After hearing this report Petunia said she was perfectly contented to be who and where she was. Since she has always felt that way about herself I am afraid I wasted my time.

The staff of life

I NEVER saw so much bread as I did in France. Sometimes it seemed as though no Frenchman consid-

ered himself well-dressed unless he had a yard or two of bread—invariably unwrapped—under his arm. Workmen carried it in their pockets; the middle classes tied it to their bicycles or (I think) to the bumpers of their automobiles; little boys and girls used it to snap the heads off daisies and other posies; I never saw an elderly person using it as a crutch, but I suspect some do.

It's good bread, too. Dust it off, take a little soup, coffee or mild wine with it, and it really is the staff of life.

The perfect job

I AM always looking for occupations that seem to me easier and in other ways more fascinating than the one I actually follow. Being night watchman in a candy store, for instance; or sitting on a French hillside down in the Basque country tending sheep, looking at the view and playing on the flute; or—and this interested me whenever we saw anybody, so to speak, working at it—being a lock tender on a French canal. Lock tenders live in the midst of pleasant, if not spectacular scenery, and once or twice a day, I judged, a boat comes along and they have a bit of conversation with the crew. But I couldn't get a job on a canal, on account of being a foreigner.

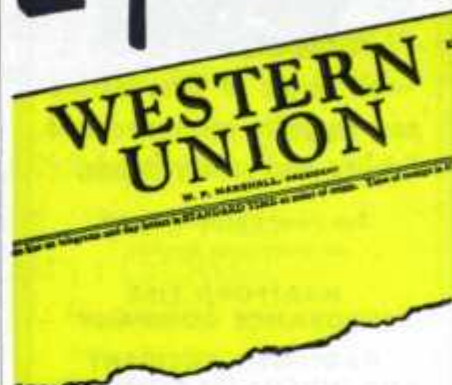
Relics of the past

THERE are lots of ruins in France—Roman ruins, such as the amphitheaters at Nîmes and Arles, and even a few crumbling walls in the heart of Paris; castles centuries old, in various states of preservation; medieval ruins, often pretty solid but lacking modern plumbing and electric lights. People pay to see these ruins, and so there is no incentive to fix them up and modernize them. One ruin that is world-famous because of an old song is the Bridge of Avignon, which extends part way across the river Rhône and then stops. Such a bridge, one might say, is good for nothing, except to look at.

An enterprising American city of the size of Avignon would complete it, hook it up with a parkway on the further bank and charge tolls. But Avignon doesn't. Avignon likes that bridge.

We visited quite a number of the famous chateaus of the Loire, which are not ruins at all and could be lived in with a little more furniture and other amenities. But I wouldn't want to keep house in one. Think of the problem of dusting a

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house of 400 rooms, which is about the size of one chateau we passed by but did not visit.

Fixing up Paris

PARIS is celebrating its two thousandth anniversary this summer. A person would think they would have had time to finish fixing it up but this is not the case, any more than it is with New York, which is something more than 300 years old, or Washington, which is about 150 years old. The streets are still being improved, the same as they are here, and everybody said—correctly, I am sure—that it would be fine when the improvements were completed.

Anyhow, no Bastille

I TRY to be a law-abiding citizen, at home and abroad, but when I am abroad I get worried for fear I shall break some law I don't know about. In France one sees quite a few uniforms—policemen of various kinds, postmen, soldiers, porters and so on. I never did learn to tell them apart and be certain which ones could arrest me and which couldn't. In addition, the traveler usually has to fill out a police questionnaire whenever he takes a lodging for the night. Neither of us was arrested even once but there were moments when I was glad the Bastille had been torn down—they couldn't put me in there, anyhow.

Lost and found

AS WAYFARERS in France we were often lost; we could not find the desired hotel, chateau, highway or other point of interest, or, in some cases, we found something but did not quite know what it was. At such moments we found that



the French, as a nation, are almost passionately fond of answering questions. The sternest traffic policeman would soften when we halted at his post, blocking traffic in all directions, and inquired, "Pardon, Monsieur, s'il vous plait—" When we made inquiries of the general public a little group would sometimes collect, not always in full agreement but unanimously determined to be of assis-

tance. If we were on foot an enthusiastic and kindly volunteer would often go blocks out of his way to make sure that we found the lovely old church or the fragment of Roman wall that we were seeking. Nobody who has even a few words of French or who understands sign language need stay lost in France; the population won't let him.

Not all romance

FRANCE is not all romance. It has some drab industrial towns and cities, the same as we do. But that is the way of the world, here and there, at home and abroad. Romance is fine, and I'm for it, but romance alone won't pay the bills—romance alone won't provide the comforts and luxuries we like to have. Chartres, Nîmes, Juan-les-Pins—these are wonderful, each in its own fashion, but in France as in New England we need Mill Village, too.

Weather note

WE HAD some rainy weather and some downright cold weather during our trip, and everybody complained about it and said it was unusual. Which proves that France, Florida and California have much in common.

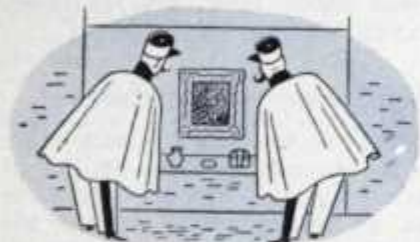
Plumbing and such

I THINK plumbing always interests an American traveler, because he has been taught to judge civilizations by hot and cold water and all that. One can make mistakes by doing this. The Greeks of the Age of Pericles, for instance, did not have plumbing as we know it, whereas the decadent Romans of the Empire had almost too much—witness the great baths they left behind them. However, it does seem to me that the French care more about plumbing than do the English and almost as much as we do. In this respect tradition counts with them as in other things. Some French plumbing seemed to me to have been designed by Vauban (1633-1707) and restored by Viollet-le-Duc (1814-1879), as were some of the old fortifications and monuments of France. But one can be comfortable in a modest French hotel—and the French can teach American hotel keepers ways in which the management and help can take a real interest in their guests. I still have in mind the picture of a husky young lady in the hill town of Vezelay who carried our two heavy suitcases up two

flights of stairs and was shocked beyond words when I insisted on toting a small overnight airplane bag. And how smiling they were, every one of them, and how proud of the food they served and the facilities they had to offer!

Taking art seriously

IN FRANCE an interest in the arts is not regarded as unmanly. In two instances I saw policemen intently—and critically—studying displays in art store windows. Policemen in this country don't do that. We went to one big exhibit in Paris, paying an admission price of about 15 cents. It was a good show, too—so good that when closing time approached it took four guards to eject a citizen who hadn't quite finished his rounds and didn't want



to go. I never saw anything like that in this country, either, though as time passes and we begin to grow mellow we may come to it.

France on two wheels

ONE thing that amazed us throughout nearly every mile of more than 2,800 miles of motoring was the energy of the French bicyclist, which exceeds that of the British we saw and marveled at last year. A Frenchman on a wheel won't ride up the side of a barn but I do believe it would take a pretty steep roof to make him get off. Usually he goes at a tremendous speed—we paced some who were doing 30 miles an hour and more on level ground. And outside of Grenoble, on a Sunday morning, we passed a brass band on bicycles. It wasn't making music at the moment but from the way the youthful Frenchmen (and French girls) ride along hands in pockets I think it could have. It might have been hard to make those young musicians understand just what we mean in this country when we speak of getting on the band wagon.

The trail of war

WE CAME south along the highway by which the first Napoleon marched north in 1815, when he landed from Elba and embarked on

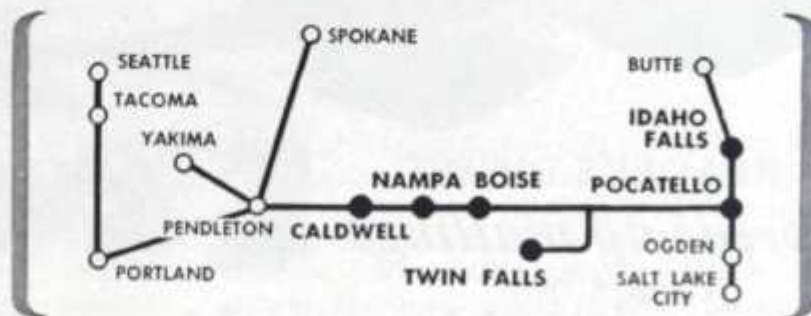


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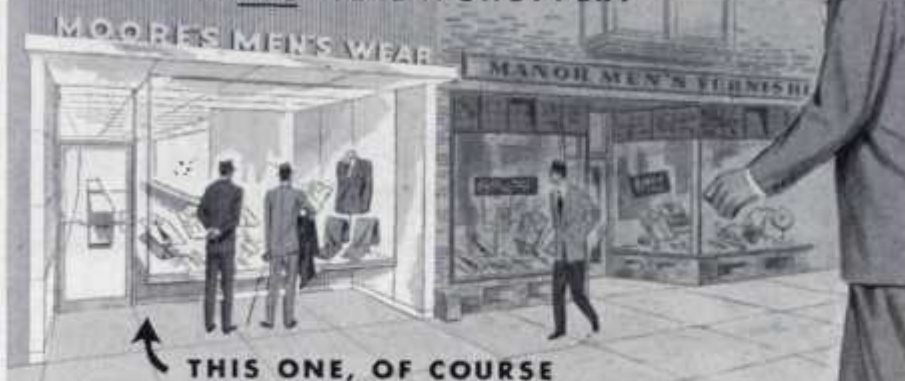
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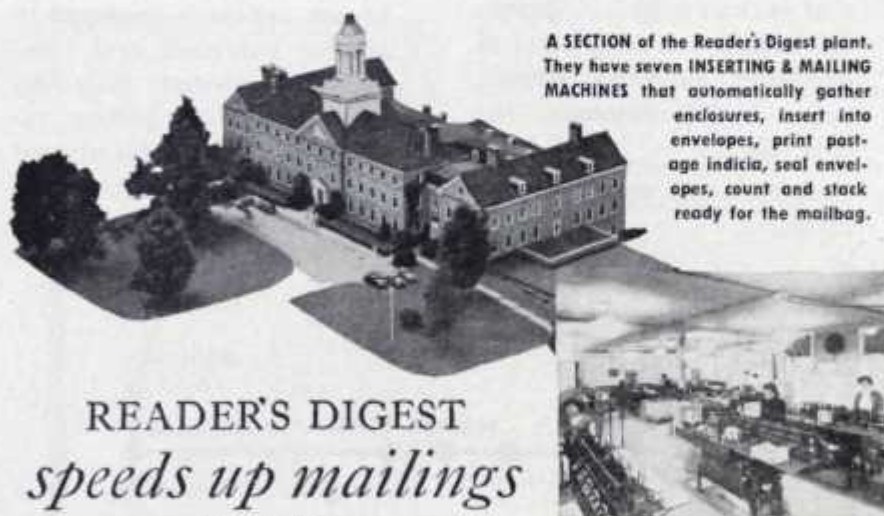
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the campaign which ended at Waterloo. In this country "Washington slept here" has become a legend; along the Route Napoleon placards recall not only where the Corsican slept but pretty nearly every spot where he stopped long enough to sneeze. The signs of old wars and newer ones were everywhere—a triumphal arch at Orange, built by Julius Caesar in 49 B.C. in honor of a victory of the Second Legion over the Gauls, many humble and lovely memorials to martyrs of World War II. One inscription beside a lonely road above Foix touched our hearts: "Here lies a soldier of the United States, Paul L. Swank. Fell August 17, 1944. Buried here by his own wish." Paul Swank sleeps well, to the music of mountain winds and rushing waters. But one wondered about him: who at home waited for him, and in vain?

What one remembers

I FIND myself coming back from trips abroad with a string of memories that follow each other but don't necessarily belong together... a group of children on Montmartre having a little parade, with good little drummers to keep step to, then being served coffee and cake in a small cafe, and singing... sunset over the Seine from the Pont Neuf... the spires of ancient churches and the towers of a modern transmission line in silhouette in the same countryside... the sweet and peaceful vineyards of Burgundy... views of the snowy Alps from Gex and of the Pyrenees from Luchon... the 400-year-old bells of Annecy ringing at twilight... a fountain at Aix-les-Bains where the Emperor Gratian drank, and I ventured to drink, too... the wild mountain scenery above Digne—who ever thinks of French scenery as wild?... donkeys about as big as overgrown rats hauling big loads... the utter peace of a centuries-old Basque country home, where we lunched on a soup and other things that legend said Henry IV used to like... the caves of Lascaux, in the Dordogne Valley, where great geniuses painted figures of animals on the walls and ceilings at least 20,000 years ago... the spires of Chartres Cathedral seen over green slopes miles and miles away... all this and much more. But it was good, just the same, to see the skyline of Manhattan as we came in for a landing... 13 hours from Shannon! There isn't—there really isn't—any place like home.



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The State of the Nation



Felix Morley

A CENTURY and three-quarters is no great span of time, as history measures the life of nations. The story of Athens, as an independent city-state, can be said to cover some 500 years. About 1,000 years elapsed between the founding and the final sack of Rome. The United States, by these stan-

dards, is still a young country.

Nevertheless, the one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence provides a convenient milestone at which to pause and consider the path we are traveling. On July 4, 1776, only its direction had been foreshadowed. There was no detailed survey and most of the wilderness still had to be subdued. On July 4, 1951, the engineering is all accomplished; movement is swift and science has removed most of the physical obstacles. Why, then, is there still such apprehension about the road ahead?

If progress remains uncertain, in spite of the removal of outward impediments, one must conclude that difficulties of an inward kind have been augmented. And all too abundant evidence confirms the belief that many of these difficulties, which are so worrying today, are of our own making. Indeed, they seem to spring from the very ease and comfort of modern American life. There is a surfeit in mere material acquisition. After a

point it seems to deaden individual self-confidence.

A letter is extant, written by Thomas Jefferson the year before he died, in which the principal author of the Declaration explains the thought behind the ringing phrases to which all of us may today appropriately turn for a renewal of inspiration. "It was intended," said Jefferson, "to be an expression of the American mind. . . . All its authority rests on the harmonizing sentiments of the day."

One great distinction, and not for the better, separates the 3,000,000 Americans of 1776, and the 150,000,000 of us who rejoice in that national classification today. There was, 175 years ago, a common purpose that could be expressed in a simple statement. There were "harmonizing sentiments" that could unite not merely the 13 separate colonies, but also all their leaders, in a common cause.

That cause was freedom—not this or that freedom, not four or 50 separate and jangling fractions of freedom, but the essential, indivisible thing itself. Here is one change that has come with the intervening years. Americans once demanded freedom as a condition in which the individual may fulfill his whole potential. Lately an American President took the lead in fragmentizing freedom into absurdity. "Freedom from fear" means nothing, because by its very nature



freedom must be for something. What Mr. Roosevelt meant was security from fear. And when security and freedom can be confused, and made synonymous, it means that our national purpose is no longer clear.

The Declaration of Independence asserted: "that these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be, Free and Independent States." The order of the words is important. Freedom, not political independence,

was the primary goal. Severance of the tie with Britain was not an end in itself, but merely the means to an end which, it was hoped, would be unending. For nothing permanent is gained if the condition of freedom is first achieved and then surrendered. It must endure, if men are to use it for something.

The Founding Fathers used the freedom that they won—and used it less for themselves than for "posterity," of whom they were continually solicitous. Perhaps this is a good time to recall that we are the posterity for whose benefit the Constitution was written, and for whose guidance George Washington prepared his memorable Farewell Address. We have been fortunate because these forebears worked for us. But there will be further posterity, when we have gone. Its forerunners lately have been pouring from the gates of our schools and colleges as this year's crop of graduates. Those girls and youths are our immediate posterity. What have we prepared for them?

We are inclined to put our faith in weapons, rather than in ourselves, primarily because we have confused freedom and security. Instead of being identical, or even akin, these two conditions are actually poles apart. Freedom implies adventuring, both physical and mental. But the adventures are for that reason at least indifferent to, and often contemptuous of, security. Their goal may be wealth, or fame, insight or knowledge, fun or frolic—but never mere security. That is what society provides for the incompetent—the very young, the aged, the sick, the criminal, the mentally infirm. The word "asylum," we may remember, means "security," which can be achieved only by sacrificing freedom.

A free people, it follows, will ever be dubious of man-made law, the spreading area of which must contract freedom even when the security it seeks to bring is real. And that fact prompted Jefferson, the father of the Declaration, to write in his Com-

monplace Book the old Roman epigram: "Plurimae leges, pessima Republica"—"the more laws, the worse the Republic."

That is what the Romans found when they vainly endeavored to offset internal corruption by external conquest. The Roman Republic fell in spite of numberless statutes designed to control prices, provide public employment, supply meal tickets, develop backward areas and in general provide both "bread and circuses" for everyone. Then, when the Senate refused to add ever more laws, it was denounced by power-drunk emperors as "do-nothing." Finally the whole top-heavy imperial structure collapsed, under pressure from barbarians who had no laws, and no interest whatsoever in social security.

The men who founded the United States knew history, and had acquired political wisdom from its lessons. They regarded "the pursuit of happiness" as an "unalienable right," and said so in the Declaration of Independence. But Jefferson and his colleagues were also well aware that "whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he." So care was taken to establish a government under which men should be free to seek happiness in a more fruitful way than by reliance on the edicts of an earthly ruler. With that high objective a mere handful of Americans, 175 years ago, decided "to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them."

Because of the faith of these great men, and the tremendous release of individual energy that it encouraged, the United States, in the course of a scant half-dozen generations, has become the greatest of earthly powers. Yet we must admit that Americans, on the whole, are today scarcely a happy people. Indeed we seem more fearful, more anxious, less certain of the value of our institutions, than those who built them for posterity in the face of overwhelming odds, with virtually no resources other than spiritual.

It is of course appropriate, on July 4, to make whoopee, to forget the job, to dedicate the day we celebrate to the pursuit of happiness. But we must remember that pursuit is not of itself achievement. That which is hunted often escapes, and generally so if there is frenzy in the quest.

To reread the Declaration of Independence now is to discover an assurance and a certainty that are wholly lacking in the countless well publicized pronouncements of our present political leaders. There is a reason for that difference. In 1776 Americans spurned British legislation in order to place their "firm reliance on the protection of a Divine Providence." There can be no such firm reliance on the protection frantically attempted by a multiplicity of self-defeating man-made laws.

—FELIX MORLEY



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When I was young, grandpa was so embarrassing...

If anyone questioned his pet brands, he'd take it as a personal insult.

Once, when an old crony made some slurring remarks about grandpa's favorite brand of pipe tobacco, he refused to speak to the man for two years.

But he was most embarrassing about that car of his. He'd bought it back in 1919...and from that day on, he took full credit for everything about it.

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Washington Scenes



Edward T. Folliard

THE drums are beginning to roll for one war that's unavoidable — next year's struggle for the White House and Congress.

All signs point to a rough and bitter campaign. Having lost in '48 with a candidate who preached "unity," the Republicans are in a mood this time to hit the Democrats

with the kitchen sink. They like the prescription for victory laid down by Sen. Jim Duff of Pennsylvania: "Give 'em hell, and we'll have the whole works in '52."

It is now 20 years since James A. Farley took to the road as a traveling Elk to line up delegates for Franklin D. Roosevelt. That's a long time in any field of endeavor; in big-time politics, it's an eternity. Consequently, one can appreciate the fervor of Republicans when they say, "This is one we've got to win."

The skirmishing already in progress, with its name-calling and its cries of "smear," is a little frightening to some onlookers. They feel that it puts the United States in a bad light at a time when it stands as the guardian of western civilization. Wouldn't it be possible, they ask, to get away from county seat politics and conduct a high-level campaign in keeping with our role as the No. 1 nation of the world?

Conceivably, '52 might just happen to be one of those years when a dignified campaign would pay off. It would depend on the mood of the voters. Our political history contains several instances where a candidate has waged a successful campaign from his front porch, while the loser was barnstorming furiously in a vain effort to win the people over to his side. But there also have been times—and the one three years ago still is fresh in memory—when it was the fiery, hard-hitting candidate who landed in the White House. It is a hard thing to figure out in advance, this question of political strategy, but American tradition seems to favor the slam-bang type of campaign.

Big Jim Farley, in his book "Behind the Ballots," had this to say about the hazards of political planning:

"There is no game in the world as uncertain as politics. The job of judging how the public will

react is almost incredibly difficult. There is no sure road to success, and there are no hard and fast rules. . . . It is easy to offend the public by being too cocky, by being too upstage, by talking too much, by talking too little, by failing to grasp how popular sentiment is shifting. . . ."

Farley, as the Washington political writers will testify, was a clean fighter. It is a matter of record, however, that the way was cleared for FDR's first victory by one of the worst smear campaigns in the annals of the country, the target, of course, being President Herbert Hoover.

But politics in the United States never has been a game for the thin-skinned or the faint-hearted. Not even our most revered leaders have escaped the malignancy of partisan warfare.

George Washington, although the unanimous choice of the electors for two terms as President, had all manner of epithets heaped on him—tyrant, anglo-maniac, monarchist, imposter and hyena. The great patriot complained that he had heard himself assailed "in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket."

Abraham Lincoln was called, among other things, a "baboon." The epithet was applied to him by Gen. George B. McClellan, whom the Emancipator fired and whom he defeated in the presidential race of 1864.

Those who worry today about the tactics of Sen. Joe McCarthy, the furore over Gen. Douglas MacArthur or the savage criticism of Secretary Acheson would find plenty of parallels in our early history. The only difference, they would discover, is that the language of abuse seems to have lost some of its robust character.

The harsh things being said about Acheson don't compare with the criticism of John Jay, who helped negotiate the peace treaty with England in 1783.

Cried out one orator:

"Damn John Jay. Damn everyone who won't damn John Jay. Damn everyone who won't put lights in his window and sit up all night damning John Jay."

The reading of American





history has no more avid devotee than President Truman. It has been his favorite subject since boyhood.

For a time, back in the winter months, he seemed to take comfort in it, especially that part of it dealing with the ups and downs of his predecessors.

"Nobody has been as bitterly attacked as old Jackson was," Mr. Truman said in January. "He didn't care—and neither do I."

But he did care, and now he is showing just how much. He has been hitting back at his political foes, accusing them of "petty politics," "misrepresentation," and "character assassination." He has told intimates that he is going to keep hammering at his critics all summer if they persist in their tactics.

Some observers here have changed their minds about Mr. Truman in connection with '52. They suspect now that he is a candidate for re-election. It is not anything he has said exactly that has given them that impression; rather it is his general demeanor, which they liken to that of a gamecock.

They may be right, but it is possible that they are attaching too much importance to his combative attitude. The fact is, Mr. Truman is naturally buoyant and cocky (or, as he would prefer it, "confident").

A whistle-stop tour by Mr. Truman would not necessarily point to another try for the presidency. Whether he runs or not, he will be an issue in '52; or, at least, his record will be an issue. If defeat comes to his party, it will be interpreted as a repudiation of that record, no matter who heads the Democratic ticket. That thought alone would justify efforts on his part to win support for his policies now, well in advance of the Democratic National Convention next July.

About one thing there is hardly any argument: Mr. Truman can have the nomination for another race if he wants it. He and Bill Boyle and his other lieutenants will have absolute control of the Chicago convention. This also means that, in the event Mr. Truman decides not to run, he will be able to dictate the nomination of another.

In the Republican Party, the picture is much more confused.

Senator Taft, as of today, is unquestionably the strongest aspirant for the G.O.P. nomination. However, he still is bedeviled by talk within his own party that he can't be elected. Taft's supporters thought that he had exploded this idea

with his massive victory in Ohio last year, but they discovered recently at Tulsa that such was not the case.

At the meeting of the Republican National Committee down there, the Taft-can't-be-elected talk came from men who, almost in the same breath, praised him as a great American and the real leader of the G.O.P. In the view of the Taft people, this was not only strange; it was nonsensical.

The only other man who seems to command strong support in the Republican Party is Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

"Well," say the Taft backers, "but can you get Ike? Will he run?"

Ike's admirers have to admit that they don't know. They also have to admit that they can't say for sure whether he is a Republican or a Democrat.

To judge from the Gallup Poll, General Eisenhower is just as popular with Democratic voters as with Republican voters. The situation is, in many ways, reminiscent of 1948, but with one important difference.

In '48, the Democratic politicians who were trying to draft General Ike were part of a "dump Truman" movement. Their argument was that Mr. Truman couldn't win. This time some of the most responsible men in the Democratic Party are beating the drums for Ike, although explaining in the meantime that they are for Mr. Truman "if he wants it."

Ike was asked in advance of the '48 campaign why he didn't emulate Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman and say in effect that he would not accept if nominated.

Ike's answer was that it would be presumptuous for him to make such a statement. He pointed out that nobody was in a position, or had the authority, to offer him a presidential nomination.

That argument no longer seems valid. President Truman almost certainly will have the power to offer Ike the nomination in '52. Whether he actually will offer it to him is something else—something that, at this stage, belongs in the category of wild blue yonder speculation.

The Republicans, for the time being, find it more satisfying to talk about issues, and let the business of candidates ride for a while. As Representative Charles Halleck of Indiana told the G.O.P. in Tulsa, "Why, folks, we've got issues running out of our ears!" These issues sometimes are summarized by Republican orators in a phrase—"the mess."

They think that there is an excellent chance that in '52 the voters will give them a chance to clean it up. This time, however, you don't hear anybody saying "it's in the bag."

—EDWARD T. FOLLIARD



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Uncle Sam's NEXT BITE

By GEORGE CLINE SMITH

THE coming 18 months will be the toughest on civilian life of any time since the war. Here's the reason

JULY 1, 1951, will be remembered as the long-expected turning point—the conversion from a buyer's market to the "Don't you know there's a war on?" stage.

Though we have had a defense economy for more than a year, the effects of our "short of war" program are just beginning to be felt. The pinch is yet to come. In fact, last April when television prices began to sag and cars were still flowing off the assembly line in a steady stream, there were those who wondered whether it would be so bad after all.

But most of us have realized all along that Uncle Sam's lengthening shadow over the national economy brings with it the promise of disturbance and dislocation of our normal lives. We've been in the lull before the storm. Now it's time to head for the cyclone cellar.

The home front future means different worries to different people. Ten men and women, interviewed to find out whether they saw the clouds on the horizon, bemoaned the certainty of higher taxes and higher prices. Some of them looked beyond their pocketbooks, however.

A housewife said: "Just when I get used to depending on aluminum foil in the kitchen, they take it away from me. I'd rather not have known about it in the first place."

A government worker: "No more Saturdays off."

An appliance dealer: "In the last war, I had to close up, because I couldn't get anything to sell. I wish somebody would tell me whether I'll be able to get radios and washing machines next year."

A filling station operator: "Will we have gasoline rationing again?"

Another housewife: "My husband is a veteran, but he stayed in the reserve. He thinks they're going to call him."

A stenographer: "Remember how crowded the buses were last time?"

It's obvious that mobilization means a lot of worries, big and little, for the ordinary people at home.

Most of the economic disruptions we face grow directly out of the huge increase in government outlays scheduled for fiscal '52 beginning this July 1—

1950



The days of taking things for granted are gone and with them the easy life

1951



Today's call is for toil and sweat to meet the needs of a wartime economy

\$70,000,000,000 as against somewhat less than \$50,000,000,000 in fiscal '51.

When Government spends, it buys goods and services. In other words, it spends real coal and steel and other materials, real man-hours of work, and the capacity of real tools and factories which go to produce these goods and services in the desired amounts.

THE money that's spent is like the oil in your car. It helps the machinery turn over more smoothly, but it doesn't make the car move. The fuel for our production machine is not money, but work and tools and raw materials.

The United States has plenty of that sort of fuel. The trouble is that we were using just about all we had for our booming civilian production when the Korean war broke out. There wasn't much slack in the economy. Nearly everybody was working, and most of the factories were going full blast.

Now comes the Government's tremendous defense program. Where are we going to get the men and materials and factories to carry it out?

Well, we can try to increase our productive capacity. We can get more workers by recruiting them from among people who aren't in the labor force today—housewives, retired workers and younger people, for example.

We can have our workers put in longer hours. We can build new facilities.

But for the next few years, none of these things will be enough. The new workers will have to be trained, and many of them won't be up to present standards of efficiency. Overtime work is generally less productive than straight-time work.

And getting new tools and factories is a slow process. Look at steel, which goes into almost all civilian and defense production. The Government's take this fall is going to be running at 50 per cent or more of the total steel output.

Right now, we can make about 105,000,000 tons of steel a year. Defense Mobilizer Charles E. Wilson says that this capacity can be increased by 12,000,000 tons by early 1953, 18 months away. That 12,000,000 tons won't go far toward replacing the 60,000,000 or so tons that will be taken away from the civilian economy each year for defense.

Worse still, it takes steel to make steel—about a quarter ton of present steel for every ton of future steel capacity. On top of that, as Wilson points out, the new capacity can't operate without more steel freight cars and ships to carry the extra coal and ore. All of which means a bigger bite out of the steel we make today, so we can make more in the future.

BUILDING up our capacity to produce takes time. But the defense program can't wait.

So there's no doubt about it—there's going to be a big bite out of the civilian economy as the Government begins spending more of the man-hours and materials that have been operating the civilian economy.

But, you say, the Korean war has been going on for a year, and this bite hasn't been as big as expected. Maybe it isn't going to be so bad after all.

The answer to that is simple. During the past year, we've been doing more thinking and talking than producing. Designs have been made, and orders placed, but few things have been made.

The Army estimates that about four years pass between the time that an acceptable heavy tank is designed and the time that numbers of these tanks begin to roll off the assembly line.

Aircraft and ships take as long, or even longer. In the interim, pilot models have to be made and tested, factories converted, machines built, and workers trained. The steel, aluminum, copper and other materials that go into these things begin to move slowly, but all of a sudden, there's a pinch on the civilian supply.

The electrical and electronic business begins to feel the effects gradually. Conversion isn't too much of a problem here, and these industries go on producing for civilians until, suddenly, the tanks and planes and ships begin needing radio and radar and small electric motors. Then, overnight, it isn't so easy to get television sets and washing machines.

We already feel part of the pinch; and we expect the rest. Inflation is already with us, and rising prices next year are certain.

INFLATION is simple to explain: More and more money in consumers' pockets, bidding more and more fiercely for less and less goods. As prices are bid up, each chunk of money buys less. This is a natural phenomenon, as unrepealable as the law of gravity.

Why will the public have more money to spend? First, because we will have more people earning money. Longer hours will be worked, with extra pay for overtime. Workers will be upgraded into higher-paying jobs. Labor in general will get pay hikes. Almost nobody in Washington believes that wage stabilization will be a smashing success.

This extra money bidding for the smaller supply of civilian goods: that is inflationary pressure. Direct controls over prices can't take off the pressure, any more than steam pressure in a boiler can be reduced by tying down the safety valve.

There are two ways to relieve the pressure, and both of them will be tried. Both will affect your way of living for some time to come.

First, we will try to increase our total of *both* defense and civilian production, so that civilian supply won't have to bear all the burden. This will mean exhortations to work longer, harder, and more efficiently.

Many of us will have to double in jobs, to replace employees and associates who move into the defense program. Manpower Administrator Frank Graham says that about 7,000,000 more people will have to take defense jobs (including the armed forces) under present expansion plans. Only about 3,000,000 of these will be new workers. The remaining 4,000,000 will be pulled out of the civilian production machine.

The other way to take off the pressure for inflation is to cut down on the supply of money that's burning holes in the nation's pockets. Higher taxes, which take away purchasing power, are sure to be tried. Congress hasn't decided yet who's going to bear the burden, but it seems certain that personal income and corporate taxes will be raised, probably by next January. Before we are through, retailers may well be collecting pennies for Uncle Sam through a sales tax; or perhaps manufacturers will get this job.

NEW money which comes from the expansion of credit also will be controlled. That's already the case, but there is talk of more rigid credit controls on instalment purchases, bank loans, and the like. It's already a lot harder to buy a new house on credit; and old houses may be added to the controlled sector soon. Bankers will be saying "no" more often to business. (Continued on page 76)

He Makes STRIKES Look FOOLISH

By IRWIN ROSS

ONE MAN keeps the peace in New York's dress industry. He has been at it for 15 years



Harry Uviller: Generally ranked as the country's top labor arbitrator

TWICE within three months the girl had an epileptic fit in the plant. Other women promptly fainted, the shop was thrown into an uproar and production was disrupted. When the boss fired the unfortunate worker, her indignant shopmates threatened a strike.

At this point the dispute came for arbitration before Harry Uviller, the impartial chairman of New York's dress industry. Union representatives argued that it was inhuman to victimize a worker because of illness. The boss loudly defended his action. Uviller quieted the disputants, questioned the discharged worker. Yes, she could usually tell any morning whether an attack was impending. But she could hardly afford to stay home.

Uviller nodded sympathetically, and then said, "Suppose you stay out any day when you suspect an

attack—and the boss agrees not to dock your pay." The woman was delighted. To the employer, Uviller argued that the good will of the entire shop would justify the additional expense. In five minutes he was persuaded and the strike threat was over.

Uviller, who has handled 25,000 such disputes in the past 15 years, generally is ranked as the country's leading labor arbitrator. He has kept peace by dint of great flexibility and imagination, much of his work involving the small, pesky disputes which, if unresolved, grow into major conflicts.

At 54, Uviller is a thin, ashenskin, cadaverous man with a solemn face and a body as tense as a coiled spring. Chewing fiercely on long cigars, firing questions at witnesses in a rasping voice, he lacks any trace of judicial de-

meanor. His impartiality, however, is legendary.

"It would be hard to imagine a more fair-minded man—or one more painstaking," says Isidore Agree of the National Dress Manufacturers Association.

And union leader Luigi Antonini adds, "Nothing is harder than to satisfy everybody. . . . Chosen first by unanimous consent, the average umpire winds up being fired also by unanimous consent. But Harry Uviller is an exception to the rule. He really is endowed with exceptional gifts."

With Manhattan's Seventh Avenue as its center, the New York dress industry sprawls from Massachusetts to Pennsylvania. Its 80,000 workers are spread among a vast number of employers—some 2,500. The employers are a highly individualistic, fiercely competitive

breed, constantly agitated over the swings of seasonal demand and the vagaries of style.

In the dress business, a fortune can be made one season—and lost the next. So frenetic is the atmosphere that endless disagreements are inevitable. Each year more cases are filed with Uviller's office than all the arbitrations in General Motors, Chrysler, Ford and U. S. Steel combined.

"There are no longer crises in Uviller's business," a friend says, "only a series of disagreements." In the 1920's and early '30's, the crises led to endless strikes, lockouts and court litigation. By contrast, there hasn't been a major work stoppage in all the years that Uviller has been in office. This boon costs the

Peaceably settling such industry-wide disputes is only part of Uviller's problem. The general wage rates have to be translated into specific "piece rates" for each of the 100,000 dress styles annually produced. Determining 100,000 separate rates is a monumental task.

Bargaining starts in the shop, where 90 per cent of the rates are settled amicably; disagreements can be appealed up through two tribunals of deputy impartial chairmen until they reach Uviller. He hears the arguments, dissects the dress—and every Friday renders his decisions. It is a back-breaking chore, but it pays off in uninterrupted production.

Many of the arbitrations that

shop. The union demanded her reinstatement. The boss testified that she had been warned not to remove dress patterns—a sensitive point in an industry so vulnerable to style piracy.

On the day in question the woman was seen heading for an elevator with an object concealed under her coat. When she was stopped, she threw the pattern—and several epithets—at the boss. The next day he fired her. Her defense was simple: she was not planning to betray trade secrets, but merely to make a dress for herself at home. "No excuse," said Uviller, and she remained fired.

Most cases are more complex. "One of my abiding principles," says Uviller, "is that the human



One of Uviller's abiding principles is that the human facts in a case are as

International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the five employers' associations but \$125,000 a year for Uviller's 20-man staff—eight deputies, two chief deputies and a clerical force. Uviller himself gets \$25,000.

Labor and management have endowed him with vast powers. All strikes and lockouts are illegal during the life of the collective bargaining agreement; Uviller arbitrates all disputes—including those about wages. In other industries, disagreements arising under wage-reopening clauses have frequently led to strikes. But in 1946, when crippling strikes occurred in other industries, Uviller's dress-makers received their "first-round" wage increase without once leaving their machines.

Uviller conducts involve more ticklish matters—discharges, discriminatory transfers, illegal stoppages—which come to him directly from the factory. Hearings, scheduled within 24 hours if necessary, are held in a plain, green-walled conference room. The parties are grouped around a long table, at the head of which Uviller sits, attentively listening under a cloud of cigar smoke. He keeps legal procedure to a minimum. Witnesses often interrupt each other. When the exchanges become acrimonious, Uviller wags a bony finger and warns the disputants to mind their manners.

Some of the cases are fairly clear-cut. A duplicate-maker was discharged for taking a dress pattern with her when she left the

facts in a case are as important as the material facts."

In one case, an operator was fired for tardiness. She told a pathetic story. She lived on the outskirts of town; before leaving for work each morning she had to take care of her paralytic mother and prepare meals for her brood of kids; then, if she missed her bus, she was a half hour late at the shop.

"I sympathize with her," the boss said. "But now everybody in the shop is coming in late, saying, why should Sally get away with murder?" Uviller called in the entire shop during their lunch hour and told them that their shortsightedness was victimizing a "fellow worker" who already had enough misery. They should be ashamed



PHOTO BY WERNER WOLFF FROM BLACK STAR

Arbitration hearings are scheduled within 24 hours if necessary



Uviller asked the sample-maker whether she thought she could get a job elsewhere. Indeed, she knew she could—she merely wanted the satisfaction of besting her adversary.

Uviller explained the situation to her, conferred with the employer, and in the end came up with a solution that satisfied everybody: the sample-maker would leave, but with four weeks' pay; she also had the privilege of returning to the firm's employ whenever the designer left. Because the turnover among designers is notoriously high, the woman was virtually assured of eventually returning to her old job.

Uviller places equal emphasis on the "public interest of the industry" in determining the merits of a specific controversy. Oftentimes, the parties are unaware of the far-reaching implications of a simple dispute.

A famous instance occurred when a cutter refused to use a new "spreading" machine—a contraption that unrolls the bolts of cloth before they are cut. At first sight, it was a simple case of insubordination. At second view, the precedent laid down would affect employment in every cutting department in the industry. The issue was adjusted by an agreement that the new machine could be used when all the cutters in a shop were employed.

Introduced indiscriminately, the machine would have caused unem-

ployment for ten per cent of the cutters in the industry. Introduced gradually, the displacement of workers kept pace with the retirement of old cutters.

Uviller is all for technological innovation, but he insists that the human beings involved be taken care of.

Uviller's sympathy with the worker is no secondhand acquisition. He was born in the poor Brownsville section of Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1897. His parents, who had emigrated from Warsaw a few years before, supported five children by running a grocery store. Harry, a spindly lad who loved to read history books, worked at the store every afternoon.

When he made deliveries he often tarried in the customers' kitchens soaking up the hard-luck stories of the housewives. "Harry was a born confidant," an old friend recalls. "He never had any trouble getting people to unburden themselves. It's been a useful talent ever since."

After attending Boys High School he clerked in a law office for \$5 a week and spent his nights studying law at New York University. After six months, however, he had to leave the law firm. Illness had forced his parents to give up their grocery store and Harry was obliged to contribute more generously to their support. He got a job in a coat-and-suit factory at \$13 a week, where he worked simul-

(Continued on page 72)

important as the material ones

of themselves. They visibly were: the woman went back to work and group tardiness disappeared.

More than sentimentality is involved in such pacification. Uviller is always guided by what he calls the "over-all interest of the shop." A case came before him where a designer asserted that the firm's sample-maker was inefficient; either the sample-maker would be fired or the designer would resign—at the height of the season.

Examining the sample-maker's work, Uviller felt satisfied that she was not inefficient. It was apparent that the two women hated each other. Simple justice demanded that the decision favor the sample-maker, but by that action the firm—and all the workers in it—would suffer a grievous financial blow.



As the guests come through the door he becomes the roaring social lion. Wonderful host!

the trouble

A WISE and obviously well adjusted woman once remarked that as long as the male sex was the only opposite sex we had, we might as well make the best of it—and in her nutshell statement was contained the underlying philosophy of all ladies since Eve. Like our first mother, they may have cased the garden hopefully for something better, but they knew darned well they weren't going to find it so they picked up their apples and went home.

This sensible attitude on the part of the female has kept the species alive, preserved matrimony as an institution in fairly good repute, and forestalled considerable bloodshed; but maintaining it has required toughness, courage and angelic restraint in the face of monumental provocation, for men through the ages have stayed awake nights dreaming up ways to vex, offend and dishearten women.

A survey of masculinity as it rampages in 1951 indicates that the boys haven't changed since Adam. Their haircuts are shorter and they have more than one woman to annoy, but mentally they're still sporting fig leaves.

The current male is anything but a novelty; he is like all the ones that went before only with less surface polish. This is a hurried age and man is rushed even in his appraisal of womanhood, so he accepts the capsule antique version of what women are like and his attitude toward his mate is formed by all

the corny cynicisms ever uttered in tavern moments by Shakespeare, Kipling, Montaigne and Noel Coward.

He knows, because the old husbands' tales tell him so, that women talk too much, spend too much, faint at the sight of blood and have no heads for business. Long-dead literary dudes have sold him the legend that women are fickle, mercenary and jallers at heart.

That's one of the troubles with men. They still think of women in terms of what grandpa and Oscar Wilde said about them.

The other troubles with men are numerous and widespread. They are not so unforgivable as to cause a complete schism of the sexes, but they are the basis for divorce, marital warfare, honeymoon tiffs, lovers' quarrels and social errors. Life would be far more beautiful if the boys would stage a big reform within their ranks.

What's wrong with them, you ask?

Well, pull up a chair.

For openers, they don't read enough. The average man who skims through two newspapers a day, dozes over one magazine a week and peeks briefly at the book review section on Sunday considers himself well-posted on current events and literature. He seldom opens a book out of sheer love of words, never reads essays, and regards verse as

something not to be touched with asbestos mittens.

Altogether, men have lost their sense of poetry. They are too earthbound to be thrilling lovers or even completely satisfactory companions. They almost never soar above the level of the two-syllable word, the cliché phrase, the time-thinned thought, the man-tailored world of office—sports page—leg show—Truman-and-taxes. Their idea of delightfully spent leisure isn't a jug of wine and thou beneath the bough; it's a bottle of beer and another coatless male at Yankee Stadium.

There isn't one man in 1,000 who can recite a sonnet from start to finish, not one in 100 who can quote a line of verse more lyrical than "The boy stood on the burning deck," and the general low level of their romantic composition is evident in the itsy-poo-loves-bitsy-poo letters that frequently come to light during lawsuits of an amorous nature.

At a dinner party not long ago I asked a smart, tycoon-type business man whose income is upwards of \$100,000 a year, "Just out of curiosity, when did you last read any Tolstoi?"

His expression was one of utter bafflement. "Why would I read Tolstoi?" he said.

And never fear, he was speaking for millions of his well dressed, college-bred, success-conscious brothers.

Men like to use the words "detached," "reasonable" and "fair" in describing themselves, but actually they are none of these things when they deal with women. They resent women in offices who occupy any rank higher than private secretary, they are cool toward female athletes, they are paid-up

members of a cult that believes no woman is fit to play poker in the company of men. They gave us the vote, grudgingly, then came back a decade later to heckle us about what we'd failed to do with it in the way of world reform. They have made nuisances of themselves by pretending to believe that no woman ever really means it when she says no. Too many of them are profane. Too many of them are stingy.

Men are sold on the 40-hour week, and having achieved it in mine and factory they are loath to surrender it to the exigencies of domestic life. They regard the performance of a simple chore—bathing the baby, hanging a picture, moving a sofa—as a terrible infringement of their God-given rights to union wages and hours and time-and-a-half for overtime.

They never stop to calculate (and they don't wanna, and you'll never get them to!) the hours per week put in by a woman who rises at seven, retires at 11, and in between cooks, cleans, sews, fights the mobs at the supermarket, cares for a couple of children and dunks the family wash. Men will ever shun these gross realities; they prefer to continue thinking of the little woman as "playing house" while they're away at work. It soothes their consciences to picture her gaily amusing herself with mixmaster and garbage disposal unit—such fun—with plenty of time out for backyard gossip, telephone chats and television.

They also like to think that if they were running the house (an "if" they have no intention of testing the hard way), they would do it all with one

with Men

By DOROTHY KILGALLEN



Mommy copes with minor crises. When it comes to the major decisions, Daddy steps in

NATION'S BUSINESS for July, 1951



Men have two ways of dressing—half are like undertakers, and the rest like race track touts

hand and leaving the other free for gin rummy. "If you'd only be more systematic, darling," the husband murmurs soothingly to his wife as she collapses into a frazzle of fatigue at the end of a hectic day. "Why, I couldn't get half my work done without system, system, system."

What he doesn't mention is that he's so blankety systematic because he's got an efficient female secretary keeping the system for him.

Husbands cherish the fable that men can cook and sew better than women, and the fable has endured because they never offer to prove it. The boys like to sit around—in the living room, that is, while the women do the dishes in the kitchen—listing the great chefs of history to prove masculine superiority with the casserole, and citing the great tailors of the world to prove that men are handier with the needle.

If this is true, how about the lads devoting one night a week to getting the dinner, and another to patching Junior's bluejeans?

(That's a joke, of course.)

Actually men, except for a few European-born professionals, can't cook at all; they just like to talk about it. There are 20 great chefs in the United States and 57,000,000 men taking bows for them.

Many a male fancies that he is socially more nimble than his wife. "We must invite the Browns for dinner soon," he chides her. "After all, they've had us several times."

The air is heavy with the implication that he knows his way around Emily Post in the dark, whereas the light of his life is a trifle remiss in such matters.

What he forgets when he is nonchalantly asking ten or 12 over for potluck next Tuesday is that a dinner party entails considerable effort and budget-squeezing on the part of the wife. That she must

plan and market and cook and polish the silver and set the table and fix the flowers and figure out what to do afterwards.

And he? What does Mr. Muscles do? Why, he comes home early the night of the party, takes a little nap (must be rested you know, to be in fine fettle and really enjoy the evening), bathes, shaves, and gets into his neatly pressed (courtesy of the little woman who remembered to send it to the tailor) dinner jacket. Ten minutes before party time he dumps some ice and gin and vermouth into a pitcher and stirs the martinis. His wife has done everything from polishing the furniture to writing the place cards, but as the guests come through the door he becomes the roaring social lion. Wonderful host, George! Always so gay, so thoughtful, so full of fun! Linda? I thought she looked rather tired, didn't you?

One of the great sins of the stronger sex is committed in the course of parenthood. Few men are anything but casual part-time fathers to their children, and not because they are truly too busy but because they are experts at ducking responsibility.

Before the child has reached the playpen stage Daddy has sold himself on the idea that the care and feeding of Junior is woman's work. Let Mommy read the bedtime stories, go to the parent-teacher meetings, make the costumes for the school play and figure out whether the red spots are hives or measles. Let Mommy discipline the heir when he plasters gum to the arm of the sofa or flunks arithmetic. She's capable of handling all the minor crises.

When it comes to the major decisions, Daddy steps in. If Junior has a king-sized problem, Daddy will mastermind. If Junior is torn between Yale and U.C.L.A., Daddy wants to be the one to say where. And if Junior gets into big trouble, Daddy can turn on Mommy and blame her for bending the twig in the wrong direction. After all, she raised the boy, didn't she? He gave her free rein and never interfered.

Never helped, either. But we don't talk about that.

Actuaries frequently issue statistics showing what a large percentage of the wealth and spending power of the country is in the hands of women. All such reports should close with the words, "Thank Heaven!" Men seem to be able to deal in governmental trillions with great éclat, and Wall Street is overcrowded with alleged experts in the maneuvering of big money, but the average male has no conception of how to manage the Small Budget.

Let us keep our fingers crossed and trust he is capable of running high finance. But let us not deny that on the level of low finance he operates by impulse, ego and possibly radar. Send him to the delicatessen with a \$10 bill to buy a loaf of bread, a bottle of catchup and a half a pound of liverwurst and he comes home announcing that madam owes him \$1.87, for in the heat of passion he has purchased some rare old blue cheese, a canned pheasant, a tin of caviar just in from Leningrad and a dill pickle. If madam suggests that these items were not in the household kitty for the week, his hurt look is enough to send her into a sackcloth *tailleur* to do penance. She has spoiled his fun. He'll never go to the store for her again.

Many a wife has been scolded for trying to keep up with the Joneses, but her critics never notice that most husbands wage a continual fight to keep up with the transient opinions of hat check girls, cigarette vendors, high-priced tailors and country club acquaintances. Only a few men of uncom-

(Continued on page 68)



Stinginess disappears when a leggy babe approaches with stuffed pandas for sale



Stalemate in State Taxes

By ARTHUR W. HEPNER



MOST OF the 48 states are asking themselves: Where's the money coming from? With the lush days of World War II over, they are now scrounging around to balance their budgets. Although not so hard pressed as tax-hungry cities, the states are pinched by demands for services that mount faster than new tax money rolls in.

In the New England region, the expedition for extra cash is on in full force in all six states. Maine needs to find 15,000,000 new dollars if its proposed budget passes. Rhode Island expects a shortage of at least \$6,000,000. And Connecticut's new Gov. John Lodge is rumpling his well groomed locks figuring ways to make ends meet. Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Vermont are in the same boat.

So is almost every other state across the country. Unless tax authorities can dig out untapped sources for state revenue, government experts predict, state bills

THOUGH they pay no federal levies, the states must support themselves on what their citizens have left after the federal take. It's getting harder

this year will outrun collections by more than \$4,000,000,000.

This ominous condition has been developing since the end of World War II. It became acute in 1949 and has grown steadily worse.

A dozen years ago, the records show, the states enjoyed a more favorable situation. Many of them had pulled the kinks out of their tax nets during the early 1930's. Adding new sales, personal income, liquor and tobacco taxes to old stand-bys, they were able to achieve a fair balance between tax collections and running costs. The difference among all 48 states in 1938 ran less than \$100,000.

But war and postwar readjustment played havoc with state fiscal problems. From 1941 to V-J Day, reports the Council of State Governments, inflation and plenty of war jobs poured record revenues into state treasuries. However, heavy restrictions limited the kind and amount of spending that states could take on. As a result, the states piled up large cash surpluses.

After the war, the lid blew off. All the pent-up need for new schools, hospitals and roads which had been ruled out for the duration burst in all directions. Programs, side-tracked by defense spending, de-



States now use a finer net to tax cigarettes, beer, and other sales

manded and got the green light. Their costs soared at a rate far speedier than tax revenues kept climbing.

But nobody cared because the wartime surpluses could plug up the gaps in state budgets. Until 1948 all seemed sound and healthy.

That year about a third of the states dove straight into difficulties. Expenses continued to outrun income with their surpluses virtually exhausted. By 1949, the feast was over. According to the Tax Foundation, a private organization for study of budget problems, three fourths of the states were in trouble and the others rapidly heading into it. All 48 had spent a total of \$3,200,000,000 more than they had gathered through existing tax sources. But now the cupboard was bare of wartime leftovers.

The wealthy state of New York, for example, had to unearth \$9,000,000 somewhere to balance up its huge \$860,000,000 budget.

Last year the gap between tax receipts and the cost of running

the government widened in every state.

In the furious 1940's state spending had jumped from \$5,000,000,000 to \$11,500,000,000 from coast to coast. New York, most populated of the states, expanded its budget from \$394,000,000 to within a shadow of \$900,000,000 between 1940 and 1950. At the other end of the ladder, Nevada almost tripled its outlays. In 1940 the state paid out approximately \$7,000,000. Ten years later its budget topped \$20,000,000.

The expansions resulted from several combining factors. To begin with, the population of the United States increased by roughly 20,000,000 in the decade. The additions, mainly individuals who would not supply added tax revenue, spread into every state. But accounting, as they did, for a 15 per cent expansion in the total ranks, they required a proportionate, if not larger, extension of state services.

Official reports reveal that pressures for added educational facili-

ties alone were tremendous. To cope with them, payments tripled from \$200,000,000 to more than \$750,000,000 in ten years. The same held true for public welfare, even though all such programs had to be cut to fit the cloth of the defense effort. New responsibilities, however, mounted so steeply that welfare allotments rose from approximately \$500,000,000 in 1940 to \$1,500,000,000 by the start of the present decade. Similarly, funds needed to run hospitals and state institutions, to administer health services and care for highway development multiplied two to five times in the ten-year period.

Rising costs of materials and hikes in the cost of living played major roles in this picture. Although the states spent two and a half times more in 1950 on new construction and projects than in 1940, they were lucky if they got the same amount of work completed. For each dollar spent on highway work last year, the states received half as much in road work as ten years earlier.

Then there were the salaries of state employees. Even eliminating the demand for more schools and teachers to care for new pupils, the cost of educating a child would have risen sharply. Average salaries of teachers climbed from \$1,441 a year in 1940 to almost \$2,800 by 1950. In nearly every department of state governments, the same situation prevails.

States which have not been able to catch up, through added income, with the skyrocketing cost of living are likely to find their services impaired. Five years ago Connecticut legislators authorized a salary increase for the state's underpaid employees. But it took state executives more than two years to find the funds to make these pledges good. In the meantime, welfare and other services suffered as some of the better employees began to look around for higher paying jobs and outsiders refused to be attracted to low-paying posts.

On top of heavier costs for their own services, the states have been hit hard by ravenous cities unable to feed themselves. State aid to cities shot up from \$1,600,000,000 ten years ago to more than \$3,500,000,000 last year with most of the money going to support increased school activities.

There also have been new expenses such as soldiers' bonuses. Eighteen states were committed to them at the start of last year. In the November elections three more

(Continued on page 70)



Grants bring unwanted controls and burdensome fund-matching



PHOTOS BY H. I. NEWMITH

The stock sale, begun last December, started as a community affair

How a Small Business Saved Itself

By HENRY LA COSSITT

HAMSTRUNG by the lack of working capital, this New England company took its problem to the public

ON DEC. 9, 1950, the Waltham, Mass., *News-Tribune* carried a story about a company called the Bettinger Enamel Corporation of Waltham. Bettinger, the newspaper said, was expanding. Two new directors were being named. The company was announcing its first public sale of stock: 59,576 shares of common at \$3.50 a share. The newspaper also mentioned new products the company had developed and reported that plant facilities covered 105,000 square feet of space, and included three buildings.

Now ordinarily nobody, except those immediately concerned with the corporation for one or another reason, would have paid much attention to such a story, but in nearby Boston it caused quite a stir. This was, of all places, in the scholarly purlieus of

the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration.

"What Bettinger was doing was not in itself unusual," a Harvard professor told me. "But that they had decided to do it, and were doing it, was."

The remark is important. What the professor meant, and what interested him and his colleagues, was that the management of a small business was using a classic method of American enterprise to better, if not precisely to save, itself. And that, odd as it may seem, is unusual indeed in this day and age.

A century and a half ago, French economist Jean Baptiste Say wrote what is as good a definition of management as we have. Said M. Say:

"The entrepreneur is the economic agent who unites all means of production—the labor of the one, the capital or the land of the others—and who finds in the value of the products which result from their employment the reconstitution of the entire capital that he utilizes, and the value of the wages, the interest and the rent which he pays, as well as the profits belonging to himself."

We like to think that modern American manage-

"Here's how it is KIDS"



By FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

WHEN the evening newscast ended, Jim Dilling poured himself a glass of milk, sat down at the breakfast nook table and sipped it without enthusiasm. "Worried?" Martha, his wife, asked, recognizing the signs. "If talking will help, I'll listen."

Martha would listen with sympathy and understanding, Jim knew. Frequently she offered constructive suggestions. That's the way it had been in their 15 years of married life. From the beginning they had adjusted their lives to income. The Ranch, as they called it, was the nearest thing to extravagance, and it really wasn't that when vacation costs were considered. The Ranch, 80 acres of timberland and meadow, had a log cabin, barn and a brisk trout stream. They hired a horse from nearby Bar O, a cattle ranch, for the summer.

"Here's how it is, Martha," Jim said. "Bar O has gone dude ranch on us. Guests will need their saddle string. They can't let us have a saddle horse for less than a hundred bucks. We can't swing it this year, what with high costs of everything, and

I dread breaking the bad news to the kids. You know what a horse means to them."

Martha nodded. "They'll take it, chins up."

"Yes," he agreed, "and that's the tough part of it. I mentioned it to Ed Ballard coming out on the bus tonight. He argued it is bad psychology to tell kids you can't afford things—they feel insecure and it causes lasting damage. I reminded him the men and women who did a fair job of building the West knew darned little security when they were kids crossing the plains in covered wagons, what with Indians, disease, death and food shortages."

"And he remained unconvinced," Martha commented.

"Right," Jim said. "He was shocked when I told him my dad used to say, cold turkey, 'Kids, we can't afford it. And here's why!' Ed gave me a fishy look when I mentioned it made us feel adult and responsible when we shared the family problems, and that we'd pitch in and earn a little dough on the side to get what the family budget couldn't swing. I



"Yipeee!" Jerry yelled. "I can ride a horse and wear my chaps, boots and guns. Yipeee!"

concluded, "Ed, I don't think any of us felt insecure. I know when the going got rugged later on, none of us rushed back home."

"How are the Ballards handling the vacation problem this year?" Martha asked.

"They can't afford Oceanside, Ed said," Jim answered. "So Ellen is selling the kids on the idea that exploring the city's parks, band concerts and museums this summer can be a major adventure. It's a nice package, and the easy way out for Ed and Ellen, but some day the kids may wonder. . . ."

"Lou Ballard is old enough to wonder now," Martha said. "She's Gwen's age."

Jim swirled the milk in the glass creating whirlpools, but he was hardly aware of them. He was visualizing last summer—Gwen, 12, riding lickety-larrup, hair flying, cheeks glowing, eyes bright with excitement. Bill, ten, taking his turn. And Jerry saying frequently, "Next year I'll be six, a big guy, and I'll ride like Gwen and Bill do."

"I just happened to think, Martha," Jim said.

"We gave Jerry a cowboy outfit complete with six-guns for Christmas. And now, no horse. He'll need one worse than King Edward."

"It was Richard the Third who offered his kingdom for a horse," she reminded him. "Edward was the king who had trouble staying in the saddle on rugged occasions."

"Yeah, that's right," he agreed. "I promised Bill a fly rod and scads of flies. I was going to teach him flycasting, which I regard as one of the higher arts."

"I'll break the news," she offered.

"No, it's my job," he said. "God, how I dread it." He drained the glass of milk decisively and growled, "Let's hit the sack."

Next morning, after breakfast, Jim licked his lips 15 or 20 times trying to summon the right words, then got off to a bad start. "Vacation is a month off and. . . ."

"Yipeee!" Jerry yelled. "I can ride a horse and wear my chaps, boots and guns. Yipeee."

"We've been waiting for" (Continued on page 67)



IT takes more than a check list to solve the problem of developing business leadership

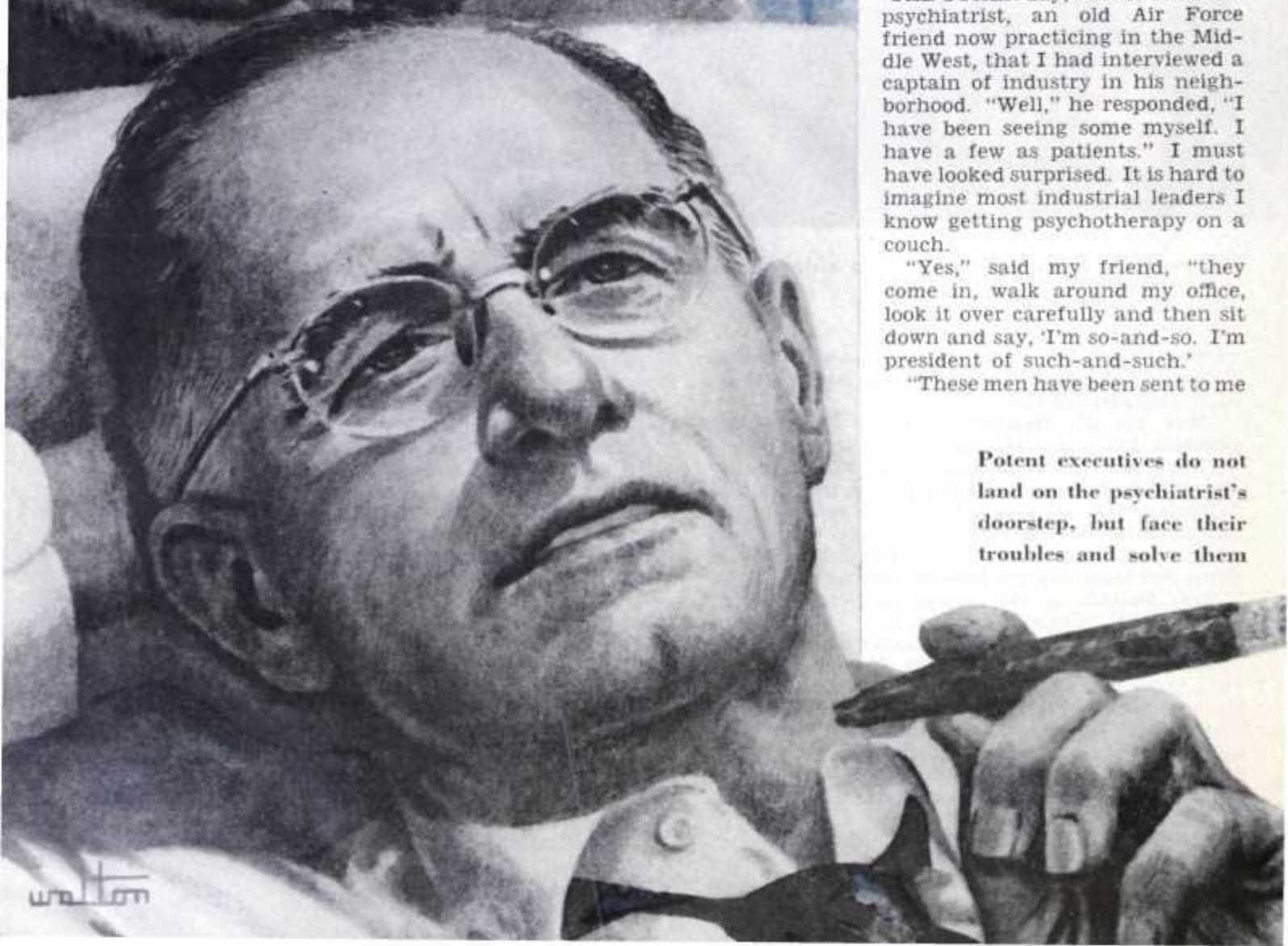
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THE OTHER day, I mentioned to a psychiatrist, an old Air Force friend now practicing in the Middle West, that I had interviewed a captain of industry in his neighborhood. "Well," he responded, "I have been seeing some myself. I have a few as patients." I must have looked surprised. It is hard to imagine most industrial leaders I know getting psychotherapy on a couch.

"Yes," said my friend, "they come in, walk around my office, look it over carefully and then sit down and say, 'I'm so-and-so. I'm president of such-and-such.'"

"These men have been sent to me

Potent executives do not land on the psychiatrist's doorstep, but face their troubles and solve them





Do you know your job?



Where are you going?



Are you worth following?



Do you want to play god?



Can you be trusted to play fair?



Do you keep playing the record over?

You a Good Executive?

By GREER WILLIAMS

by their own doctors. I ask, 'What can I do for you?' They say, 'Nothing, really,' and I say, 'What brings you to me, then?'

"They all put me off with about the same story. They have a fine successful business and a fine home; a fine wife—wonderful woman, really; two fine boys, one of them in college—a fine college. Everything is fine.

"Eventually, maybe after two or three visits, they find the key to the cellar and let the skeleton out. They are working too hard, not sleeping well, having trouble with their stomachs, but the thing that bothers them most is sexual impotence.

"You discover you are not talking to the strong masterful type that first came in. These are scared little boys, whistling to keep up their courage. All their energy, sexual and otherwise, is consumed in acting the captain-of-industry role. Their jobs put a great strain on them. These are not men of great depth or vision. Lacking insight and understanding, they feel constantly compelled to prove they're men. Under this kind of tension, it makes you wonder what will become of their businesses."

Obviously, the psychiatrist was seeing business leadership where one of the seams was weak. An industrial psychologist tells me viril-

ity is the rule among the vast majority of top executives he knows. The potent ones do not land on the psychiatrist's doorstep but face their management problems and solve them. But the psychiatrist did touch obliquely on one of the competent executive's critical problems—developing what it takes to make successful leaders.

The need for strong leadership extends, of course, throughout industry, government, the armed forces and, indeed, the struggle for a free world. Here, however, we shall stick to the business world.

In the past few months, many a company president has been heard to say, "I went through one war. Let a younger man have the grief this time." Whereupon, he kicked himself upstairs to a board chairmanship or on out into retirement.

His loss wouldn't be so bad if a bumper crop of junior executives were coming along. As it happens, however, World War II left a gap in the junior executive ranks of many companies while accelerating the breakdown rate among senior officers.

Many a good young man has been pushed to the top before he was ready for heavy responsibility. Superimposed on this situation is plant expansion for "semi-all-out" defense production, meaning a further stretching of the supply of



Can you take it?

manager material to cover new plants and personnel.

The big corporations, with their thousands of personnel and vast organizational structures, are better off than the small, owner-operated companies. It is the contention of at least one psychological consultant to business that the basic reason why Big Business tends to swallow up small and medium-sized firms is the failure of the founders of one-man companies to develop competent successors.

This consultant, Dr. Burleigh B. Gardner, director of Social Research, Inc., in Chicago, cites the case of a creamery owner who discovered his failing too late. Informed by his doctor that he had a bad heart, he looked over his organization and realized it was dependent entirely on him. If he died, his wife would be left with a company totally lacking in executive ability.

To provide for her financial security, he offered his business to

a national dairy products firm. The deal was made. The former owner remained as manager until he died a year later. The national company had to import a man from one of its plants to succeed him.

"The fact is," says Gardner, "with many of the one-man firms, the founder was a man of great ability and tremendous energy. He not only felt he could do everything better than anyone else, but he also loved to do it."

"Also, he was creating something to pass on to his children. So he brought his sons into the business. But at no time did he give real thought to building a managerial organization. His sons had titles but he still ran everything. They never learned to make decisions, to carry real responsibility, to make errors and learn thereby, nor to fight their way up in the competitive world."

The same situation can exist where the successor is not a son but a trusted plant manager who took care of the details while the Old Man ran everything. In either case, the business is headed for trouble because its president was a failure in one aspect of successful leadership—the development of someone competent to step into his shoes.

"O.K.," you say, "How do you do this? How do you pick a good executive?"

Well, Dr. William E. Henry, University of Chicago psychologist, who has had a lot of experience testing executives, says if he had to limit his questions to two, he would ask a man what his father and mother were like and what he thinks of at quitting time.

He would hope to find that the candidate, while tending to identify himself with the dominant role of his father, had no strong tie to either parent. "Every man in the executive situation who has felt that his mother was still the center of the universe has been a failure," Dr. Henry asserts.

As for what the man thinks of at 5 p.m., it is not first and foremost a martini or a blonde or even getting home to the wife and kids, he insists. The executive-minded man thinks of what he has left undone and will do tomorrow.

You can get short lists and long lists of the qualities a successful executive needs. From the testing of approximately 500 senior and junior executives, Dr. Gardner has spotted 11 traits:

Love of achievement for its own sake.

Acceptance of higher authority without resentment.

A strong drive to climb up the

ladder and win higher recognition.

An urge to be active and assert oneself.

A need for reaching decisions.

Firmness of conviction.

Ability to organize isolated events into a related whole.

A practical sense of realities.

An impersonal but considerate attitude toward employees.

A detached attitude toward mother and father.

A fear of failure.

There are about 25 firms of psychological consultants to business and one of the biggest, Rohrer, Hibler & Replogle, with offices in New York, Cleveland, Chicago, Atlanta, Dallas and Los Angeles, says all topnotch executives have five basic qualities:

Ability to think logically.

Stability or self-control.

Skill in working with people.

Human understanding or sensitivity to people's feelings.

Ability to organize and direct others' efforts.

Actually, the problem of finding and developing executive material is not solved with any handy check list but, the psychologists have learned, by persuading executives to do the things a good leader would. Then the young hopefuls get a chance to show themselves.

Naturally, you want good people around you. What can you do to strengthen your organization?

Plenty, according to Dr. J. Elliott Janney of RH&R, who points out that many otherwise competent executives tend to make the same

mistakes in managing people. Perhaps you can open your eyes to your blind spots and by self-criticism work out the means of overcoming them by asking yourself seven questions:

1. Do you know your job?

Most men figure they know their business. This, it seems, is not necessarily so. Dr. J. Watson Wilson of RH&R comments: "The executive's education in school or college, like his training and experience in industry, has been focused primarily on things, *not people*." James C. Worthy, assistant director of personnel at Sears, Roebuck & Company finishes the point:

"Business and education have rather badly misconceived the functions of the executive, and thereby the proper means for developing business leadership. We have pictured the executive largely in technical terms . . . marketing, engineering, finance and production. . . They are not the sole nor even the most essential ingredients of the executive's job. The essential task of the business executive is the management of people."

The worst sin of the executive with technical know-how, say these authorities, is oversimplification of human relations which is really very complex.

2. Where are you going?

Edward J. Burnell, a partner in Booz, Allen & Hamilton, one of the top firms of business management consultants, puts ability to define objectives at the head of his list of a successful business man's attributes. Many business men, he agrees, have become millionaires without ever figuring out what they were driving at; but the company interested *only* in making money these days is not long for this business world.

The American moral code, Dr. Gardner explains, says that a man should not operate a business primarily for his own satisfaction, as his plaything, but as one of many organizations contributing to a way of living that is good for his employees and the public, too.

The company president who does not define his organization's function, look ahead and set goals is not a leader but a drifter. As one psychologist says, "One cannot follow a leader unless he has a general idea where the leader is going."

3. Are you worth following?

One of the commonest sins of management, or mismanagement, (Continued on page 73)



What a man thinks about at quitting time is important



Potato growers in Kern County owe much of their success to Bill Camp, shown with son Don

BRAINS Are His Farm Supports

By FRANK J. TAYLOR

ONE of California's top farmers, W. B. Camp is the godfather of two of his state's finest harvests and a foe of controls and subsidies



FARMERS of California's Kern County, which is second only to Maine's Aroostook County in the harvest of superspuds, were caught in a painful economic pinch last year when the bottom suddenly dropped out of the potato market. Phones jingled madly all over the county; it seemed as though every one of Kern's 1,200 potato growers wanted to know what a certain shrewd and proficient farmer named W. B. Camp was going to do in the emergency. Would he plow his surplus potatoes under, or intercede in Washington, where he had connections in high places, for commodity credit for growers caught with too many spuds, or what?

Bill Camp's answer to both questions was "no." He and his sons, having foreseen the potato glut, had cut their crop at planting time by reducing their acreage one-third. As for federal help, Camp

would have none of it, being a stout believer in the old-fashioned idea that farmers should shun subsidies, price controls and regimentation and stand on their own feet. Most of the Kern County potato growers, having twice rejected the federal feedbag offer, agreed with him; they took their losses, and this year followed the Camp example by planting smaller acreage.

In the San Joaquin area, which is the southern two thirds of California's vast central valley and probably the world's most productive food basket for its size, Bill Camp has become an almost legendary figure. He's achieved his status because of bumper crops, which almost always mature when the market is right. Growing bumper crops has been Camp's gospel for 35 years, half of them spent as a government experiment station man dishing out advice to farmers, the other half as a practi-

cal farmer practicing what he preached and wresting a fortune from the soil. As an old government man, Camp is in a unique position to warn his fellow farmers about the pitfalls of federal subsidy and regulation, particularly as proffered in the Brannan Plan, of which Camp will buy no part.

Fiery and outspoken Wofford Benjamin Camp, "Bill" to everybody since he plowed his native South Carolina hills barefoot, is one of California's picturesque and controversial characters. In a hotel lobby in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, New Orleans or any of the cities to which he commutes by plane, Camp probably is the last guest in the house anyone would pick for a farmer, on appearance.

Of medium stature, built on the square, Camp is a natty dresser, has a weakness for loose and sporty leisure togs, which he wears even

on the farm. His ever-questioning eyes peer from under a soft, cream-colored and wide-brimmed Stetson that has come to be the badge of a successful San Joaquin Valley farmer.

Serious and softhearted, Camp loves to discourse in quiet professorial tones on many subjects. When he hits topics such as federal regimentation, spontaneous profanity spices his talk. He is lost without a telephone; the longer the line and the higher the toll the more he enjoys the new occupational disease, telephonitis. Though Camp has done his share of sweaty work in his youth, he has no hankering for strenuous exertion now, even in his camellia garden, which is a Bakersfield show place. His kind of farming is planning, which

he does with an uncanny sense of how much a man, a machine, a ton of fertilizer or an acre-inch of water can accomplish in a given time.

One of the half-dozen most successful farmers in a state noted for outstanding crop producers, Bill Camp is credited with godfathering two of California's finest harvests. These are cotton, the state's No. 1 crop, which he introduced over the die-hard opposition of the state's agricultural experts, and potatoes, which have become one of the San Joaquin Valley's "jackpot" crops.

Between them, these two crops, grown largely on acreage that was formerly semiarid grazing land, bring upward of \$275,000,000 a year into the bank accounts of Cal-

fornia growers. How Camp, starting with nothing, managed to do all this and still devote half his time to civic affairs, public chores and charity, is something of a saga of American business.

Born March 14, 1894, on a hilly farm in Cherokee County, S. C., Bill Camp was fifth in a family of five boys and three girls. Cotton was the cash crop, and it never yielded more than \$1,000 in one year. Bill garnered his first dollar when he was nine, a prize for picking 100 pounds of cotton; later he became the state champion cotton picker. By the time he had finished school, young Bill had saved \$100, earned largely by plowing cotton and corn fields with his pet bull at the fancy wages of 40 cents a day.

With the \$100, he entered Clem-



Dechard Hulcy



Otto Seyferth



Herman Steinkraus



Frederick Champ



Powell Groner



Carl Jacobs

The New Leaders

son College, captured a scholarship, learned scientific agriculture, something new and strange in the piedmont hills. World War I found him reclaiming several thousand acres of abandoned rice lands on the Carolina coast, and planting them to long staple cotton, a demonstration project financed jointly by the Du Pont family and the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

That is how Bill Camp came to be a government man. The USDA was trying to produce long staple Sea Island cotton in a hurry for fabrics which the pioneer airplane builders needed in the 1916-17 preparedness frenzy. German submarines had cut off the Egyptian supply. When boll weevils wiped out the Carolina crop, the USDA dis-

patched Camp west to plant long staple in New Mexico, Arizona and California, which the weevils had not yet invaded.

A crop new to the southwest, the cotton flourished under irrigation, yielded top crops, saved the airplane industry. After the war ended, Camp established on a slender USDA shoestring a federal cotton experiment station at Shafter, northwest of Bakersfield. This roused the lasting ire of the state agricultural experts, who warned that he was introducing a poverty crop.

Camp, who loves nothing more than a good fight, took on the whole state agricultural brain trust. He saw in cotton another big-money crop, if the California farmers would standardize on one

variety and grow it right, with plenty of fertilizer and lots of water and machinery, instead of mules and bent backs, to do the work. Camp's experiments had convinced him that a variety from Mexico, known as Acala, was the cotton for California. With convincing drive, he talked first the county supervisors, then the state legislators, into enacting legislation making it a punishable crime not only to grow any other variety, but to bring the seed of any other cotton into California.

Acala was as prodigious as Camp claimed it would be. Using machinery, fertilizer and irrigation, growers got yields of two to three bales to the acre, more than double the national average. Even more im-

(Continued on page 74)

of the Chamber

DURING its annual meeting the National Chamber elected Dechard A. Hulcy to its presidency. Hulcy is president of the Lone Star Gas Company, Dallas.

At the same time the organization created two additional posts: chairman of the board and chairman of the executive committee. Otto A. Seyferth, president, West Michigan Steel Foundry Company, Muskegon, was named to the former. Herman W. Steinkraus, president and chairman of the board, Bridgeport Brass Company, Bridgeport, was chosen to fill the latter office.

Three new vice presidents were also elected:

Frederick P. Champ, president, Cache Valley Banking Company, Logan, Utah.

Powell C. Groner, president, Kansas City Public Service Company, Kansas City, Mo.

Carl N. Jacobs, president, Hardware Mutual Casualty Company, Stevens Point, Wis.

Named to serve as directors for the first time were:

District 6—Chase M. Smith, secretary, National Retailers Mutual Insurance Company, Chicago.

District 7—Raymond H. Nichols, editor and publisher, The Vernon Daily Record, Vernon, Texas.

District 9—William B. Wright, Marys River Ranch, Deeth, Nev.

District 10—Henry Kearns, president, San Gabriel Valley Lincoln-Mercury Motors, San Gabriel, Calif.

Construction and Civic Development—Maurice K. Murphy, president, Bolling Springs Savings and Loan Association, Rutherford, N. J.

Domestic Distribution—Charles G. Nichols, president, G. M. McKelvey Company, Youngstown.

Finance—Holman D. Pettibone, president, Chicago Title and Trust Company, Chicago.

Foreign Commerce—John L. Locke, president, Fisher Flouring Mills Company, Seattle.

Insurance—Clinton L. Allen, president, Aetna Insurance Company, Hartford.

Natural Resources—Harry T. Kendall, chairman of the board, Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, St. Paul.

Directors-at-large—Frank W. Jenks, vice president, International Harvester Company, Chicago. Richard Kemler, attorney, Marshalltown, Iowa.



Clinton Allen



Frank Jenks



Henry Kearns



Richard Kemler



Harry Kendall



John Locke



Maurice Murphy



Charles Nichols



R. H. Nichols



Holman Pettibone



Chase Smith



William Wright



CHARLES PETERSON

MORE than a decade has passed since Benny Goodman and his band gave a memorable concert in staid Carnegie Hall, but the acclaim today is greater than it was then. Album sales of it have topped 60,000 sets

WHEN

TOWARD dusk one day in the winter of 1949, Benny Goodman's seven-year-old daughter discovered something that is now regarded by a great many knowledgeable people as a substantial contribution to American culture as well as an irresistible occasion for nostalgia. The child was rummaging through a closet in her parent's New York apartment when she came across a can of recordings that had been made the night of Jan. 16, 1938. That was the night her father took his 14-piece band and several select guest soloists into staid Carnegie Hall and proceeded to put on the most memorable jazz concert of all time.

More than a decade had passed since Goodman had listened to the records, and in the meantime he had forgotten about their existence. Now, more out of curiosity than anything else, he played them once again.

He was astonished by what he heard. Even the grating surface noise, the inadequate reproduction, and the frequently poor balance afforded by the single microphone that had been suspended over the Carnegie stage could not disguise the extraordinary quality of the performance. Goodman spent the next few weeks having the records transferred to tape and refined, as much as possible, of acoustical imperfections.

Last November, Columbia released the results in an album of two 12-inch long-playing records called, with admirable directness, the "Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert." Since then, more than 60,000 sets—now priced at \$10.90 each—have been sold. Such a staggering success can be explained on several accounts. One, of course, is the excellence of the music itself. Another is the nostalgia evoked by the whole proceedings.

In retrospect, the album constitutes a swan song to the resonant nights when the dance band business was in flower. It is redolent of the years that have vanished, the years when there was a kind of

JAZZ MADE RECORDS

By GEORGE FRAZIER

shining splendor in smoke-filled night clubs and mammoth barns of dance halls.

The Goodman album is a period piece in the most affectionate sense of the term. It is a stabbing reminder that the dance band business virtually has vanished since 1938.

There was a time when dance bands were big and something not to be missed. Even their names were imposing and, for years, a dance band was never merely a band or an orchestra—that is, so-and-so's band or orchestra.

It was always the Scranton Sirens, the University Six, the Varsity Eight, the Kansas City Night Hawks, the Ohio Lucky Seven, the Wolverines, the Peerless Players, the California Ramblers, the Band of Renown, the Band of a Thousand Melodies, the Casa Loma, the Memphis Five, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, the Original Dixieland Jass [sic] Band, and countless Society Orchestras. And it was not Rudy Vallee and His Orchestra, either, but Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees. And, for that matter, time was when even Whiteman, who was first The King of Jazz and afterwards The Dean of Modern American Music, went in for the department of fuller explanation and had himself billed as Paul Whiteman and his Palais Royale Orchestra.

Now—at least in the big time—there are only Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians and Phil Spitalny and his Hour-of-Charm All-Girl Orchestra, which, everything considered, may be just as well. Goodman, however, always has been simply Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. But that, as anyone more than 30 must realize, always has been sufficient.

Goodman, one of 14 children, was born in the Chicago ghetto in 1909. At ten, he already had begun to study the clarinet and was playing regularly with a group of boys at his synagogue.

By the time he was 12, he was earning money imitating Ted Lewis in a Chicago theater.

Somewhere along the line, he met up with the now legendary Austin High School musical gang, which included such future jazz greats as Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, and the late Frank Teschemacher and Dave Tough. It was there that he acquired a taste for hot jazz.

When the time arrived for him to take his first job with a professional band, Goodman was still so small that he had to have his tuxedo made to order. (He was only 13, incidentally, when he took out his first card in the musicians' union.)

On Aug. 8, 1923, he was hired to play with a group that worked on an excursion boat. Showing up on the scene, Goodman, who was now a fast 14, stepped onto the bandstand and sat down there.

Suddenly a voice barked,

"Get off that stand and stop

messin' 'round with those instruments."

The command came from Bix Beiderbecke, whose bizarre ways and silvery cornet were to make him the most fabled figure in the history of jazz.

From that point on, Goodman made rapid progress. For a while, he played with Ben Pollack's band, the first large white combination to play authentic jazz. When the band moved to New York to work at the Park Central Hotel, he was one of its most dazzling ornaments. After that, he went into the Hollywood Restaurant with Red Nichols, a man whose name may not mean much to the kids, but is sheer glory to practically anyone who has reached the age of 40.

Nichols was a prolific recording artist and Goodman appeared on most of his dates. No record collection that pretends to have at

When Goodman opened at the Paramount Theater in New York his followers, carried away by the music, danced in the aisles

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO



least a smattering of abiding jazz is complete without a quota of Nichols' records. The ones that feature Goodman—"China Boy," for example—are part of the work-in-progress that achieved its full flowering the night of Jan. 16, 1938, at Carnegie Hall.

These were wonderful years—chiefly, perhaps, because they were unspoiled. Collegians from Princeton and Yale used to come into New York to see shows like "Girl Crazy" and "Strike Up the Band," not because George Gershwin had written the music, but because Goodman was in the pit band. There were even a certain number who listened to Rubinoff and his violin on the Chase and Sanborn program merely in the hope that Goodman, who was a more-or-less regular member of the band, might be allowed to improvise for a few bars.

It was at this period that he became a giant to the ears of the undergraduates who are now approaching middle age. The prodigious sale of the Carnegie Hall album is probably testimony to the fact that they have never wavered in their devotion.

FOR all their enchantment, however, these years had not produced, with the exception of Ben Pollack's, an organized (as opposed to small improvisational groups) white band that could play jazz. There were some topnotch colored organizations, of course—Fletcher Henderson's, Duke Ellington's, Chick Webb's, and so forth—but the only white ensemble that even essayed the hot idiom was the Casa Loma, which was the campus favorite circa 1932.

It was his dissatisfaction with the Casa and his admiration for the likes of Henderson and Webb that made Goodman particularly eager to form a band of his own. In November, 1933, he made two records with a small group—"Aintcha Glad" and "I Gotta Right to Sing the Blues"—which caused quite a stir among hot fans when they were released on the Columbia label. On the strength of their popularity and his own assiduousness, he was signed early in 1934 to take a large band into Billy Rose's Manhattan Music Hall.

It was not until December the same year, though, that he received what was later to prove his most important assignment. The National Biscuit Company bought three hours—from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m.—each Saturday on NBC and decided to make them into a program of dance music. (This was at

a period when the late evening air was filled with superb jazz.) The program was to be divided into segments of rumba, sweet, and hot music, to be played, respectively, by Xavier Cugat, Kel Murray, and Goodman.

Nothing like the Goodman band had ever been heard on a sponsored broadcast before. It had the leader's own whirling dervish of a clarinet, some superb instrumentalists, and a singer named Helen Ward, who was later to beguile the nation with her rendition of "Goodie Goodie." It also had arrangements by Fletcher Henderson which not only swung, but had exquisite melodic patterns.

A FEW months later, the band was hired to play at the Roosevelt Hotel. Some of the patrons apparently resented the intrusion of a loud (and, to their ears) screeching band into a room made sacrosanct by Guy Lombardo and his music. Cards were distributed to the tables announcing:

"Mr. Goodman will be pleased to play your favorite musical numbers."

A customer named Paul Billamher from Douglaston, N. Y., submitted a request which Goodman still has in his scrapbook. "Just by way of contrast," it read, "something sweet and low."

In June, 1935, the Goodman band, having flopped at the Roosevelt, began to work its way to the West Coast on a string of one-nighters. Things went none too well along the route, but it was not until he opened at Elitch Gardens in Denver that Goodman suffered what might have been the final indignity. At the end of the first half-hour (during which such stars as Jess Stacy, the pianist, Bunny Berigan, the trumpeter, Teddy Wilson, the pianist in the trio, and Gene Krupa, the drummer, had played at the height of their form) the indignant manager of the place rushed up to Goodman.

"What's the matter?" he demanded hotly. "Can't you boys play any waltzes?"

Goodman wanted to quit, but he was finally prevailed on by his New York manager to stick out the tour until the band opened at the Palomar in Los Angeles.

Few bands have ever received the ovation accorded Goodman's by the crowd at the Palomar the night of Aug. 21, 1935. As it turned out, the band had become popular on the West Coast because of the difference in time between there and New York.

The Let's Dance program, which

came on the air in the East at an hour when many people had retired for the night, was heard in California from 8 until 11 p.m., and had thereby attracted an enormous audience. From the Palomar engagement on, the success of the Goodman band was assured. So, too, was the almost fanatical popularity of the music known as swing.

Those were barrel house times. Kids who might otherwise have dreamed of growing up to be a Babe Ruth now yearned to play drums like Gene Krupa, who once confided to an interviewer that he kept repeating, "Lyonnais potatoes and some pork chops" while he champed his gum and whipped out fantastic rhythmic patterns.

No aware adolescent of that roaring age would have been caught dead referring to Goodman as anything but "Benny" or "B.G." You said "Benny" and nobody but a square thought you meant Jack Benny.

All over the United States, swing—or, to put it more precisely, hot jazz—became the rage. In New York City, West 52nd Street became the shrine. On Sundays, most of the hot musicians around town would turn up at the Hickory House for breakfast and a chance to "sit in" with the band.

ALTHOUGH it was scarcely jazz, there was a tune out of that era that captured the mad spirit. It was called "The Music Goes Round and Round" and there has never been anything quite like it. Every week end, the crew-cut young men would come up from Princeton or down from New Haven with their young ladies and they would "make" the jazz places.

Now these couples are older by 13 years and for them the Goodman album is reassurance that maybe they did not waste their college years after all. For what they listened to was jazz.

There was a night that a lot of them must remember. This was when the late Red MacKenzie was running a hole-in-the-wall on 52nd Street. All the musicians gathered there, because it was a place that was somehow conducive to good jazz.

Berigan, a tall, ambling man, was a regular there and nine, maybe ten, times a night, night in night out, he had them screaming for his heartbreaking "I Can't Get Started."

But on this particular night there was a young and unknown trombonist on the stand, and he was a real treat. Then the great

trombonist Jack Teagarden strolled in, leaned against the bar, and listened. As the youngster played on, Teagarden became aware that people were watching him in an effort to discover how the up-to-then world's greatest trombonist felt about this brilliant kid.

After it ended, Jack waited a few minutes, then strolled up to the bandstand, put his mouthpiece into the youngster's horn and began to play. As he did so, a drummer slipped in behind the traps. Then a bassist joined them and presently a pianist.

SUDDENLY the whole room became an enchanted glade as Teagarden slipped from one chorus of "Dinah" into another, each one more stirring than the one before it. He did not stop until he had played 28 choruses. Then, secure in his championship, he stepped down and returned to the bar. This was the sort of thing that went on almost nightly in New York City in the mid-'30's.

By 1938, the Goodman band was the rage, but it wasn't until New Year's Day that year that anybody realized how stupendous a rage. That was the day he was to begin an engagement at the New York Paramount Theater. Although the

doors were not scheduled to open until 8 a.m., a line began to form at the box office at 5 a.m. By 7:30 things had gotten so out of hand that a riot call was put in. Fifteen minutes later there were 3,634 people seated in the theater and at least 1,800 more jammed in the lobby and on the stairways.

"From that moment on," reported the *World-Telegram*, "things went loudly nuts. Couples started to shag in the aisles and the ushers couldn't do anything about it. When the aisles got too crowded, the couples marched on stage and continued their peculiar movements...."

Times Square police claim they have never seen anything to approach the fervor of the demonstration accorded the Goodman band. But the Paramount Theater and Carnegie Hall are two different propositions and Goodman can be excused if he had certain misgivings about the affair he was to put on in the staid auditorium only 15 days after he had them dancing in the aisles.

As it turned out, however, his fears were groundless.

More than 3,000 people, many of whom had to sit on the stage, crowded into Carnegie Hall the night of January 16. Seated at a

\$3.50 top, the concert took in, after taxes, a gross of \$6,000. That aspect of the situation, though, was not one of Goodman's main concerns, for he was already a millionaire and a financial flop could not conceivably hurt him.

He was worried about the quality of his music and how it would be received. Well, as anybody can learn (by merely listening to the audience's reaction as heard in the album) he need not have been uneasy. From the moment the band went into "Don't Be That Way" until the end of the evening, he and his men performed magnificently.

This was big-band jazz at its most resplendent — Goodman's simple and affecting solo in "One O'Clock Jump," Jess Stacy's incredible piano in "Sing, Sing, Sing," the brass section's bite, Vernon Brown's rough and forthright trombone, and Gene Krupa's dynamic percussion. Now that it is available again, many people are joyful. What makes this something of more than routine interest is that any number of these people are substantial and prominent citizens.

When, for example, a man named Robert A. Lovett received an album as a Christmas gift, he said, "I was awfully glad to have the Benny Goodman records. I can hardly wait to have an evening to myself and enjoy their full flavor."

Lovett, a partner in Brown Brothers, Harriman and Company, is now assistant to General Marshall in the Department of Defense.

CERTAINLY, nothing that has happened since in the music business has been exciting enough to make anyone abandon the conviction that what went on in Carnegie Hall that night was worth preserving.

As for bop, it can be dismissed by an anecdote about Wingy Manone, the veteran one-armed trumpet player who has been producing heartfelt jazz for years. Several years ago when Dizzy Gillespie, the high priest of bop, opened in Los Angeles, Manone made it a point to hear him. He was astounded.

A few weeks later, Manone opened, with his authentic New Orleans jazz, at a place near the one where Gillespie was playing. Before he signed the contract, however, Wingy insisted that the management put a sign up over the entrance. It read:

"Come In and Hear the Truth."

The truth is what you hear in the "Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert."



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

Back in the late '30's hot jazz was the rage and Benny and his clarinet ruled supreme at every spot where the band played



When the golfing Bauer sisters, Alice, left, and Marlene turned pro they joined the Corcoran clan

ONE OF the truly amazing sports figures in America is a smiling Boston Irishman few people know about—a promotorial, public relations, business managerial wizard named Freddie Corcoran. He brings golden balm to athletes.

On a radio program last year, Dizzy Dean interviewed Corcoran who, as usual, was on his way from someplace to somewhere. Dean asked Corcoran who he considered the greatest hitters in the American and National Leagues respectively; also, who he rated as the outstanding man and woman golfers.

"Ted Williams, Stan Musial, Sam Snead and Babe Didrikson," replied Corcoran.

"And," he added, "I am the personal manager for all of them."

Corcoran also has made them the best paid athletes in their respective fields. When Musial signed this spring with the St. Louis Cardinals for a reported \$100,000—the highest salary in baseball, according to Fred Saigh, owner of the club—the fine hand of Corcoran guided Musial's maneuvering. Carefully planted stories by Corcoran to the effect that the New York Giants wanted Musial did not hurt Stan in the negotiations.

Williams, from Corcoran's own testimony, grosses \$175,000 a year. The Red Sox claim his base pay is nearer to \$125,000, which would make him even higher paid than Musial. Corcoran has introduced offshoots into Williams' earnings, like appearances in the Sportsman's Show at \$10,000 a week, interest in a fishing concern, and various testimonials which will do the temperamental Williams the most good in the long run.

Since \$100,000 seems to be par for the course in the Corcoran managerial league, Slammin' Sammy Snead hit a few birdies last year with a \$125,000 gross. Babe Didrikson, the lady who hits a golf ball like a man, accounted for \$100,000, although Cor-

He Brings Gold to Athletes

By PAUL GARDNER

WHEN it comes to making money out of sports, few men can compete with Freddie Corcoran. His managerial skill has made fortunes for many stars

coran's cut from her earnings is not as large as the others.

Fred does all right. He lops one-third off the Williams' take over Ted's baseball salary; profits comfortably from Musial and Snead; does not lose on Didrikson; owns a Ford agency; receives largesse from manufacturers of sports equipment and women's clothing. He also edits the Official Golf Guide and conducts the increasingly popular Ladies Professional Golf Association tourneys. Without any fanfare, he probably grosses more than the famous Mr. Williams—close to \$200,000 a year. And all this without an office.

America, in fact, is his office. He travels 50,000 miles a year, leaving a string of telephone messages with operators in various hotels, barber shops, taverns or restaurants as to where he may be at any given moment. When he checks into a hotel he spreads a few letters on the bed and there are his files. He phones a secretary, Nancy Allison, whom he recently married, back in New York from wherever he is—and that's how his letters get out. Corcoran has parlayed the discovery of the telephone along with an unsurpassable memory and a theory of meeting people, into big business.

"There's no secret to this business," the 46-year-old Corcoran emphasizes, "except being around where big people are—the Kentucky Derby, Hialeah, the championship fights, the World Series—that's how I make my contacts everywhere."

Corcoran, who likes to be in the right place at the right time, wandered into Toots Shor's in New York one evening. There he met an old advertising friend who had a fishing account.

"Why don't you sign Ted Williams to a fishing contract?" Corcoran asked suddenly. The advertising man liked the idea, arranged for an appointment with the president of the company the next



WANT A TRUCK THAT FITS THE JOB?

Naturally, you want a truck that's engineered to haul your loads under your operating conditions . . . save you money . . . last longer.

A Dodge "Job-Rated" truck is that kind of truck! Dodge builds G.V.W. chassis models to meet 98% of all hauling needs. You can be sure there is one "Job-Rated" truck to fit your job.

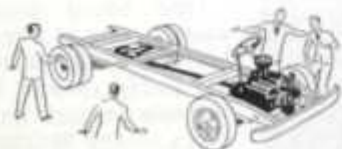
Every unit is "Job-Rated"—factory-engineered to haul a specific load under specific operating conditions.

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Load-supporting units—such as frames, axles, springs, wheels, and tires—are engineered and built right to provide the strength and capacity needed.

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Get a **DODGE** "Job-Rated" TRUCK

See your nearby Dodge dealer—let him show you the only trucks with *gyrol* Fluid Drive (available on $\frac{1}{2}$ -, $\frac{3}{4}$ -, and 1-ton models). Call him and ask how you can get a Dodge truck that's "Job-Rated" to perform better on your job.

ONLY DODGE BUILDS "Job-Rated" TRUCKS

day. Within two months noted fisherman Ted Williams had started on a ten-year contract at \$10,000 a year, with an option of seven per cent, with the Bristol Fishing Rod Company. And the money, spread over that period, would save on Williams' taxes.

Corcoran just bumps into people. He ran into Stan Musial a number of years ago at the Champion Spark Plug dinner in Toledo, Ohio. Musial had been floundering around in St. Louis, earning a decent livelihood but nothing befitting a young man with a lifetime major league average of .346. Musial was impressed by Corcoran and when he encountered him several months later, Stan asked him to be his personal manager.

Corcoran, while tournament manager of the Professional Golf Association for 12 years, met many diverse types. So many, in fact, that the task of handling such opposite characters as Musial and Williams comes natural to him today. Stan is uneffacing, Williams colorful and unpredictable. Corcoran's job, therefore, is to build up Musial and hold down Williams.

Only a Fred Corcoran, with his flexibility and experience, could handle a Ted Williams. Here's the kind of problem that Williams, who has been under Corcoran's guidance since 1946, presents.

Ted rolled into New York one day so Corcoran, who would like to have Williams seen at the right places also, asked Craig Wood, the golf professional, if he would take them to the 21. This is a favorite hangout of Wood, national open champion in 1941 and now a representative for the Kraemer Hosiery Company in New York. Wood came out bluntly,

"Well, will Ted wear a tie?"

"No," said Corcoran sadly, "Williams wears no man's collar, including his own."

So they dined at an out-of-the-way East Side restaurant.

Corcoran is unique in his sports approach for it is his service to the press which underlies all he accomplishes. Not that he isn't as generous as the occasion demands. But he has his own methods in his build-ups.

A Tex Rickard or a Mike Jacobs could afford to take sports writers

on lively junkets. But Corcoran attains his results by a personalized service that can scarcely be matched.

When I interviewed Corcoran at the Savoy Plaza in New York, a newspaper man phoned in to find out about memorable golf matches for a series. He had to know right away. So Corcoran, lying down blithely, with his head resting on the pillow of the bed, told him.

He described accurately Gene Sarazen's victory over Walter Hagen in the 1923 PGA final. He mentioned outstanding shots in Francis Ouimet's victory over Harry Vardon and Ted Ray in the play-off of the 1913 United States Open. He said that you couldn't overlook Walter Hagen's 11 and 10 triumph over Bobby Jones in 1926. Corcoran gave the reaction of Omaha, Nebr., fans after one of the most sensational upsets of all time—Johnny Goodman's 1 up win over Bobby Jones in 1929.

Not only did Corcoran tell of every shot and every club when asked—he showed his insight into men, as well as their sports, in describing the Johnny Fischer-Jock McLean match. This was the dramatic 1936 United States amateur final when Cincinnati's Fischer overhauled Scotland's McLean at the thirty-sixth hole of the Garden City Golf Club and defeated him on the thirty-seventh. McLean was never quite the same player after that.

"Had McLean won that championship," said Corcoran, "it might have made a difference in his whole life."

When serving as PGA tournament manager Corcoran, one afternoon at a Masters' competition in Atlanta, gave out 15 different stories to as many newspapermen in a single hour.

Henry McLeMore, then with the United Press, called Corcoran for an angle. It was merely four a.m. Corcoran, half asleep, recalled that Jack Sharkey, the only man who had fought both Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis, had once compared them. McLeMore's subsequent story was a top exclusive.

One could continue endlessly with stories of Fred's mental powers, especially of the time that he bet Lefty Gomez that the former Yankee pitcher had opposed Dizzy Dean in the World Series.

"I did not," blurted Lefty.

Gomez lost the subsequent wager as it was discovered that he had gone up against Dean when the latter was with the Chicago Cubs.

Corcoran is remarkable in that he is not a mere statistical bureau,



Ted Williams, left, Paul Brophey, an associate, Sam Snead and Corcoran at Miami. Freddie has upped incomes of Ted and Sam

but he utilizes his store of facts for business advancement. And he is always searching for angles, even though he himself may not profit by them.

Recently, he asked an innocent question which may be one of the most expensive ever propounded as far as the television industry is concerned.

Fred was sitting up in the Circle Lounge in Boston, watching some old fight movies on television with Sharkey and Ted Williams as his companions.

"Did you get anything for that or did you ever sell the television rights?" Corcoran demanded of Sharkey.

"Naw," said Sharkey in imperfect Bostonese.

The upshot of that is a test case suit by Lee Eastman, Corcoran's Harvard-educated lawyer, on behalf of Sharkey. If Sharkey wins, all the boxers—Dempsey, Barney Ross, Tony Canzoneri, et al.—may be collecting. Any time Corcoran looks at anything there is money in it for somebody. But usually it is himself, along with the other beneficiaries.

It was always that way, although Corcoran was born with few external advantages. He fancied himself quite a boxer in the Boston highways and byways but when he was eight he was roundly trounced by a more adept rival. Corcoran thereupon managed the other chap in bouts with neighborhood bullies. He picked up the marbles as his share of the gate.

At ten, Fred became one of the suburban Belmont Springs Country Club's caddying Corcorans. These included, at one time, Fred, George, Joe, John, Billy and the late Frank, eldest of the brothers.

Fred always dovetailed jobs. He got the concession at the ninth hole at Belmont Springs, performed odd jobs at baseball, football and flight events, sold tickets for the Boston Bruins and served as goal umpire. Later, he was to serve as umpire on disputed rules in Professional Golf Association tournaments, a job which makes an Ebbets Field umpire's chores seem like a picnic.

As far back as 1926, Corcoran was chosen official scorer of the United States Golf Association. He introduced a scoreboard, 40 feet long and 20 feet high, at the United States Amateur in 1934 which is still remembered as a thing of utility and beauty. By 1935, the 30-year-old Corcoran was executive secretary of the Massachusetts Golf Association—a year later, he

(Continued on page 54)



The "All-Purpose" Men

SUNNYVALE, CALIF., Santa Clara Valley agricultural and industrial center with a population of 11,000 does not have a policeman or a fireman. Instead, it has public safety officers. When a man becomes an officer of this force, he receives equal training in both fire fighting and police work.

The men are rotated from police to fire work every 30 days. In an emergency, every man, regardless of what his assignment on any particular day might be, is expected to perform either as a policeman or a fireman, depending on the situation.

Sunnyvale's break from the traditional separation of fire and police departments is being watched with interest over the country because it may supply the answer for a small town on how to maintain an efficient public safety setup in the face of a growing population and rising costs. The merger of forces has been attempted in several other small communities but Sunnyvale is believed to be the first to give the plan a thorough test.

The Sunnyvale system has been in operation since July, 1950. City Manager H. K. Hunter is confident that a substantial saving will be realized in equipment and housing facilities as well as in the reduction of personnel brought about by the integration of the departments. The merger permits the meeting of peak loads in either field with about 75 per cent of the manpower required by separate forces. He estimates the over-all long-range savings at approximately 25 per cent.

The head of Sunnyvale's Public Safety Department receives \$450 a month, his assistant draws a \$345-\$410 salary, captains get \$305-\$365,

public safety officers, \$250-\$305. The salary scale is reported to compare favorably with that of towns many times its size.

Sunnyvale's force consists of 25 men. They operate on a 40-hour week of five consecutive eight-hour days. Off-duty men responding to emergency calls are paid overtime.

John V. Cordell, a retired Los Angeles fire department battalion chief and a fireman since 1915, who was hired to institute Sunnyvale's new system and who has remained on as its head, was frankly skeptical about making policemen into firemen. But with his assistant, Fred Penfold, an old-time police officer, who had grave doubts about turning firemen into policemen, the program got under way. The two men now call the plan a success.

Prior to its establishment, Sunnyvale had a police force of 16 men and a paid fire chief with a volunteer department. Continued growth of the town made it evident that improved fire and police protection were needed. How to provide the needed protection without adequate funds became a vital municipal question.

Integration of the police and fire departments was proposed and, after some opposition, was adopted by the townspeople. Today Sunnyvale provides a public safety program at a cost of \$85,000 a year—\$35,000 less than it was estimated it would have taken to maintain the same service with separate police and fire departments.

The town's public safety chief, Cordell, who originally took his job only for a six-month period and with a "show-me" attitude, now is so enthusiastic about the system that he predicts it will eventually sweep the country.

—HAROLD HELFER

was assigned to what is perhaps the most aggravating, thankless, perplexing, and not too highly paid position in sports—tournament manager of the Professional Golfers Association.

Corcoran lasted the earlier mentioned years. Bob Harlow, who preceded him, walked the tightrope for three seasons, George Schneider who replaced him had a short run and the latest casualty has been Howard Capps.

Corcoran's ouster actually paved the way to his current affluent status.

THE problems faced by a PGA tournament director were exemplified earlier this year when Jimmy Demaret, Vic Ghezzi and a few other golfers refused to obey PGA orders to compete in a Texas competition but went instead to Mexico to play in the Mexican Open. There was much hullabaloo and Demaret was fined \$500—which Glen McCarthy, the Houston oil millionaire paid.

"If Corcoran were in there," one critic observed, "the incident would have been quieted and would not have come out in the papers. Fred knew how to shush those things up."

After the Demaret blow-up, feelers were sent out to inveigle Corcoran back into some sort of promotional deal with the men's PGA, but Fred already had expanded his horizon and had created his greatest miracle in his

development of women's professional golf.

"I think that in ten years, the women's golf will outshine the men's," Gene Sarazen commented the other day.

"What do you mean?" retorted Corcoran, "we've already outdrawn them in Boston and Tampa."

Corcoran has a bevy of leading lady golfers in his caravan, with more turning pro all the time. Under contract to Corcoran are Babe Didrikson, Marlene and Alice Bauer, Shirley Spork, Louise Suggs, Betty Danoff, Betty Jameson, Marilyn Smith, Helen Detweiler, Peggy Kirk, Betty Bush, Sally Sessions, Opal Hill, Helen and Betty Hicks.

"I like dealing with the girls," says Corcoran, "because in case of an argument on a ruling, I can run into the men's locker room and nobody will follow me."

When Corcoran took over ladies' pro golf it was little more than a dream. Last year there were 13 tournaments and \$50,000 in prize money—this season, there will be 15 tournaments, \$60,000 in prize money and a journey to England and France for the half dozen leading players.

The Ladies Golf Union of Great Britain never recognized women pros before—but they reckoned without their guest, Fred Corcoran. The favorable publicity engendered by Corcoran in America had much to do with acceptance abroad.

"Women's pro golf will be tremendous," Corcoran insists. "Remember how Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs used to draw as well as Tilden and Johnston in the '30's. The same can happen in golf."

Golf equipment manufacturers and dress manufacturers like Alvin Handmacher, who has Weather-vane suits, back up the women's events.

Corcoran is extremely proud of the fast \$30,000 he made for the Bauer sisters in their first seven months as professionals. A tidy price of \$5,000 for them to wear Ship 'N Shore blouses is typical of his promotion in the girls' golf department.

AS A man who has lived sports so intensely, Corcoran has viewpoints which should be of broad interest. He believes that for professional golf to return to its former estate, it must interest the younger men, with junior divisions for all competitors. He has ideas for business men golfers.

"For the man between 45 and 55," Corcoran says, "the one way to improve his game is to take lessons from the golf pro. And the best place to do business is on the golf course."

Fred believes that Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen and Tommy Armour were the best golfers of a generation ago and Byron Nelson, Sammy Snead, Ben Hogan and Lloyd Mangrum the nonpareils of a later day.

"Corcoran wears his heart on his sleeve," says Craig Wood, "he gets mad, but he doesn't hold grudges."

For a guy who grew up on the wrong side of the Boston tracks, Corcoran has come a long way. He raised more than \$250,000 for the Red Cross and the USO in the last war; he entertained troops as a walking sports encyclopedia in Europe; he is at home with notables in most fields.

Despite the fact that Corcoran, America's most remarkable behind-the-scenes sports personality, knows most of the answers, there is one phenomenon which puzzles him.

"I run hundreds of golf matches," he says, "and at all of the clubs there will be a big business man, whom you couldn't buy for a million dollars, who'll pitch in to help the event. He'll run on ahead and be as happy as a school-boy just holding the rope to keep the spectators off. And he never sees a shot."

Freddie Corcoran sees the shots, though. He scores almost all the time.



"I just wish we had the money you saved us today!"

Killing Bugs Is a Business

Tom Glimp of Texas
is the stockman's
answer to pests

A NEWCOMER among businesses in the southwestern livestock country is the spraying service. The Glimp Stock Medicine Supply Company at Menard, Texas, for example, will spray or drench most anything in Menard County—or adjoining counties for that matter.

Tom L. Glimp, Jr., owner of the firm, takes pride in his capacity to handle large numbers of livestock. Last year, Glimp and his crew sprayed 60,000 sheep for lice ticks, for which he received 4½ cents per head; sprayed 20,000 goats at 3½ cents and 43,000 head of cattle at 15 cents per head.

Glimp drenches livestock for internal parasites as well. "During June of last year," he recalls, "we drenched 112,000 head of sheep."

His income from this novel work has hit the \$35,000 mark some years.

"Glimp is probably the best-read man in this part of Texas on insecticides and agricultural chemicals," says Menard County Agent R. E. Nolan.

While the cattle on a thousand hills are being sprayed, the hills themselves—and the valleys, too—are sprayed by Glimp and his crew. He uses 2,4-D to control weeds in the field crops of Menard County. Controlling the weeds on range lands provides more grass for livestock, and ranchmen pay as much as \$4 per acre for this service.

Few insects escape the poisons from Glimp's spray nozzles. To control the pecan case borer, for instance, he uses as much as 12,000 gallons of DDT and zinc sulphate in a single year.

But Glimp gives his first attention to livestock, especially sheep. He pioneered the use of phenothiazene in Menard County for controlling stomach worms of sheep and he was the first to use DDT as a spray on livestock commercially in Texas.

He estimates that with ideal conditions he can spray 2,000 head of cattle, 8,000 goats in a day. At this rate it takes livestock on many thousands of hills to keep his crew moving along.—A. B. KENNERLY

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The Fair Child of Invention

By ROBERT W. MARKS



PHOTO BY R. I. NESMITH

THE door of Sherman Fairchild is open to men who find new ways of doing interesting things and interesting ways of doing old things better

ON A CERTAIN August day in 1912, a shiny, new Locomobile, a leviathan costing more than \$10,000, rolled into the garage of George W. Fairchild, in Oneonta, N. Y. The car was a present for his dashing, Tom Swift-like son, Sherman, then preparing for Harvard. The young blades and pigtailed girls of Oneonta lined the sidewalks, waiting for Sherman to zoom out in his spectacular car. Hours passed; there was no Sherman.

When the Fairchild heir finally

was located, he was found smeared with grease, buried in a heap of gaskets, castings and cams. It turned out that Sherman had no interest whatever in driving his costly juggernaut; all he was concerned with was finding out how it was put together.

"Whadda you know," he announced laconically, when interrupted, "this overgrown flivver only has four bearings on the crankshaft."

Here in a begrimed pastel is the clue to the paradox in the person-

ality of one of the most unusual men in American industry. Sherman Mills Fairchild, son of the founder of the International Business Machines Corporation, is an inventor's inventor, a connoisseur of technical ideas, a man who probably has nurtured as many such innovations as any man since Edison, and who in the process has founded a succession of industrial dynasties.

Early this year, the U. S. Air Force signed a \$200,000,000 contract for the production of Fairchild C-119 "Packets," — giant twin-engine, twin-boom troop and cargo-carrying planes. This award, made to Kaiser-Frazer, through an "assistance agreement" with Fairchild, represents one of the largest military orders given to a motor manufacturer.

The "Packet" was Fairchild's aerial contribution to World War II. It was the first transport plane built like a landing craft; tanks and armored vehicles could roll in or out of it with ease and rapidity. But in Fairchild's mind this plane already has been superseded by the newest production, the "Pack-Plane," an airplane with a detachable fuselage, which can unload and reload in a matter of seconds, like an auto truck and trailer.

Fairchild's inventions, developments and projects form an extended chain of interconnected photographic and aviation interests. He is the father of present-day methods of aerial mapping. He perfected the aerial camera. He sponsored the enclosed-cabin airplane; the radio compass; the inline, air-cooled Ranger engine; the P-19, the standard low-winged plane used by the Air Force for primary training; the C-82 (and its larger, faster successor, the C-119). His latest innovation is the "Scan-a-graver," a photoelectric device for making newspaper cuts almost instantaneously — directly from photographs.

Today, at 49, Fairchild has become somewhat of a legend. One of the few inventors ever to grace the New York Social Register, a bachelor, a relatively nonpartici-

pating arbiter of the excellencies of life, he is a man to be reckoned with in the dramatic scheme of things.

To most of his associates he is a man of mystery. He is tall, solidly built and good-looking in a kind of dead-pan way. He smiles a great deal, but only with that part of his face lying between "four o'clock" and "eight o'clock."

His houses are fabulous, his entertainment lavish. His estate, planes, offices, laboratories and factories interlock to form an empire. Everywhere around him is the aura of progress, dynamic movement, design, development. And through it all he stalks like a bored monk, shrouded in a conservative \$45 suit.

"What I want to know," one of his engineers once said, "is what Sherman thinks about when he is not working."

Although Fairchild has been publicized as a playboy, and as a socialite dilettante, he is obsessed with inventing and with the development of industrial ideas, practically to the exclusion of everything else. He has been known to give elaborate parties, then, at the height of festivities, disappear into his library where, hours later, he will be found sketching the solution to some engineering problem.

A story is told of his escorting one of New York's most beautiful models to the Stork Club, excusing himself to exchange notes with a technical expert he spied across the room—then, flushed with the excitement of a new idea, forgetting to come back.

"What have I got," the model said, "that could compete with an airfoil?"

A bug on high fidelity, he is scarcely ever without some newly designed speaker or some innovation in sound equipment. Last winter he had a complete set of sound equipment installed in a special control room in his town house. A folding wall separates it from the main living room.

One night Lisa Kirk, who was then starring in "Kiss Me Kate," dropped over to record some of the show's hit songs on Sherman's equipment. Hoagy Carmichael was in the room. When Lisa finished her performance and the recording was played back, Carmichael exploded. "Bravo. That's the most exciting thing I've heard in years."

"Thank you," said Lisa.

"What do you think, Sherman?" Carmichael asked.

For a moment Fairchild was silent; his eyes were dreamy. Then
(Continued on page 58)

Tree Talent Scout

IF ALL that keeps you from calling your place "Twin Oaks" is the mere fact that you have only one oak, "Biff" Staples is your man.

For more than 30 years Milford W. Staples has been ranging this country and Canada conducting a most unusual "talent" search. His job is to find beautiful, mature shade trees for customers of the Davey Tree Expert Company, of which he is field supervisor.

When Staples spots a tree that suits him, his first job is to convince the landowner that he is a sane, sober business man. That accomplished, he dickers for a purchase price which may run anywhere from a few dollars up to several hundred. When agreement is reached, he pays over part of it immediately for an option to take the tree whenever a customer wants it.

When a customer is found, Biff comes back to his tree with a crew and special tackle, pays the balance of the price, digs up his purchase and starts off down the highway with his prize lashed to a giant trailer.

Biff can, and has, moved trees up to 20 inches and more in diameter (measured a foot above the ground). Ordinarily, however, he's more certain of satisfactory results if the tree runs not more than eight or ten inches in diameter, which could mean a tree anywhere from 30 to 80 years old. Of course, the bigger the tree, the bigger the "shock" involved. (Tree men talk of shock in much the same sense that surgeons do.) And in moving the larger tree, Staples must make all the more certain that the soil and general weather conditions at the new site will match so far as possible those where the tree first grew. In many instances, a big moving job calls for two years of "postoperative" care, which includes everything but watering.

Not all the shock is restricted to the tree. Biff gets his share. In the first place, some farmers never are convinced that the whole deal isn't a swindle in which they'll wind up losing their farm. Others may believe Staples is a tree scout, but just won't sell the tree anyway—"too gol-danged much like a human friend."

On the other hand, some farmers are quick to sell—a little too quick. When Staples comes back to dig up his tree he sometimes finds he needs a lawyer more than

a tree-moving crew. He may discover that the original owner has sold the farm in the meantime. (That means making a deal all over again with the new owner.) Or that the mortgagee has refused to give his consent. A tree is considered real estate because a certain amount of earth is moved with it.

Then, again, the owner innocently or otherwise may have sold a tree growing within the borders of a passing highway. The state takes a dim view of that. But usually the most complicated messes result from trees growing right on, or near, property lines. Approval of both owners often is needed. Sometimes there's a difference of opinion on where the line is in the first place. Even when this is clear-cut there is bound to be a snarl over the roots which reach into the next man's land. And Staples won't move a tree unless he gets a good root system.

To supply his customers, Biff has developed a prodigious memory and a series of well filled notebooks on beautiful oaks, maples, white ash, linden and sycamore, as well as an expert knowledge of the areas and growing conditions under which these types thrive. (He's a bit chary of moving birches, hickories, black locusts, elms, for example, either because of poor transplanting qualities or susceptibility to disease, insects or other special troubles.)

Transplanting costs have followed the general trend of construction costs. For example, a six-inch tree that a few years ago might have sold for \$100 or even less, now transplants for anywhere from \$125 to \$250, depending on variety, distance of the haul and on any special transplanting difficulties. In general, costs are determined largely by the amount of labor involved. Prices go up or down sharply with the size and weight of the ball of earth required. And since the weight increases by leaps and bounds as the diameter and depth of the earth ball grow, 12-inch diameter trees are likely to cost about three times more than six-inch trees.

Staples' customers include just about every large estate owner in the country, especially in the northeast.

On his own place at Kent, Ohio, Biff raises flowers—little ones.

—SAM SHULSKY

he said, slowly, "I think we've got too much 'woof' in the tweeter."

At 18, Fairchild was sent to Harvard. "He'll probably try to square the oval," and tell them their 'crimson' is really 'royal scarlet,'" said Fairchild senior, "but at least he'll learn something."

Roughly, he was right. Sherman had packed a screw driver along with his toothbrush. On the mantel in his dormitory room, where most freshmen install the likeness of a sultry movie actress, Sherman had a drill press.

A classmate dropped into his room one evening and found him fastening a four-foot length of galvanized iron gutter to the side of a box camera. "What's that?" he asked.

"The camera light of the future," Fairchild said, "a gadget to make flash powder go off the same time you click your shutter. Uses flint—like a lighter."

"It can't work," said the other



Concrete ramps serve as stairs in Fairchild's house in New York



Never without a project, Fairchild, right, consults with an aide

freshman. "Too complicated. And if it goes off it will set the building on fire."

One cold night, Fairchild took along his critic and tested the gimmick—at the old Boston arena. Two fighters were slugging away at each other; and Fairchild was covering the event as a correspondent for the *New York Morning Telegraph*.

At the appropriate moment he connected his synchronizer to the pan of flash powder and fired. The sluggers were blinded—at least for that round. The fight literally was

brought to a photo finish; but the paper got its picture . . . and Fairchild had the satisfaction of knowing that "synchronized flash" was a workable idea.

His next brain child was a shutter for aerial cameras. The existing shutters were crude affairs—focal plane devices in which a slit traveled amiably across the front of the film. Fairchild argued that the distortion produced by this mechanism could be eliminated . . . with a more efficient design of a shutter using leaves—a giant version of a "between the lens" shutter.

Fairchild, Sr., who was then rounding out 12 years as a representative from upstate New York, encouraged this outside gadgeteering. "Anything," he said, "to keep Sherman from dismantling the house." With the aid of a few thousand spare dollars, and the odd parts of a couple of adding machines, Fairchild pieced together his contraption.

Then began Fairchild's lifelong occupation of converting himself into his own consumer—chiefly to prove the commercial possibilities of some of his before-the-times ideas. The Army took 20 of his cameras, but left him stuck with a production setup and an empty sense of achievement. (Today, improved versions of the Fairchild camera are standard with the Air Force.) To create an outlet for his cameras, he formed an aerial survey company, whose job was precision mapping. Competent mapping called for better planes; and better planes needed wider markets—in the transportation field.

Fairchild ordered two improved planes from the Huff-Daland Company, and specified that he was to have the exclusive agency for these ships, with a fat commission contingent on each.

Huff-Daland accepted, limiting the arrangement to one year. Seasons passed, however, with no takers. The idea seemed to be sound-

ing its death rattle, when the Brazilian Government came through with an order.

"We're sorry," said Huff-Daland, when Fairchild dashed over to place the order, "your contract expired four days ago—no more commissions."

Immediately, Fairchild telegraphed Brazil: "Our model M being replaced by newer, better engineered model N. Do you want improved model at \$1,000 increase?"

Brazil accepted.

"Fine," said Fairchild, "we are in the airplane manufacturing business; all we need now is a plane."

Remembering, vaguely, a Russian named Sikorsky, who was hanging around Roosevelt Field, Fairchild rushed to Mineola. Sikorsky agreed to build two planes, for \$9,000 apiece, including design, labor, material and engine. This deal, back in the mid-1920's, marked the beginning of the official Fairchild plane.

Once these planes were delivered, Fairchild got busy again. "If a photographic plane is going to be built along practical lines," he argued, "why separate the pilot and photographer? Why make a fetish of freezing? Build an enclosed plane and provide a cabin for both and put the pilot up front where he can see where he is going."

Pilots haw-hawed. The theory then was that a pilot couldn't fly unless he felt the wind on his face. Fairchild approached several manufacturers, proposing that they build him this plane of the future, and absorb, at the same time, a fair share of the development costs. There was no interest.

Taking off his coat, Fairchild set out to build his own plane. He moved into a plant at Farmingdale, Long Island, which was left vacant when Lawrence Sperry was killed attempting a flight across the English Channel. One year later, the Fairchild FC-1 was born.

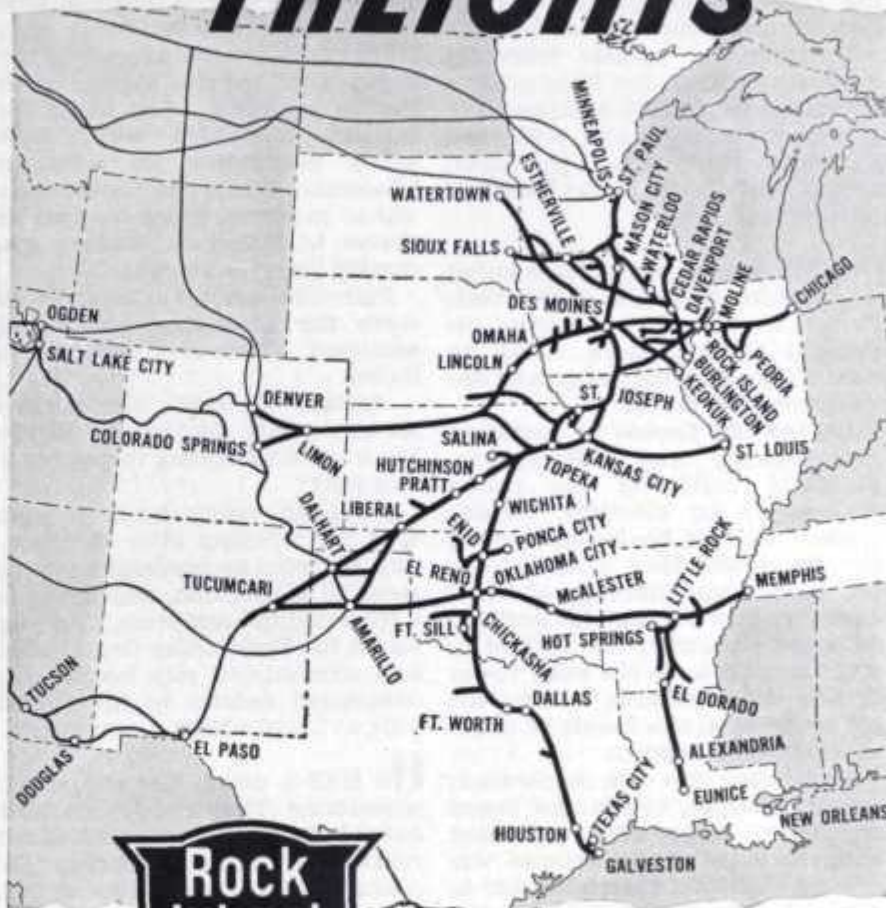
This plane was startling, not only because it included a cabin, but because of a long series of innovations—hydraulic landing gear, flaps, pedal-operated brakes and landing lights built into the wings.

The dramatic, passenger-warming FC-1 was succeeded by an improved version, the FC-2, after one FC-1 had dipped its wings to a doubting world. The FC-2 soon became one of the standard transport ships. The Curtiss Company adopted it for taxi service. It was bought by the Department of Commerce, and was used for most of the

Domain

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In the interim, Fairchild had been buying into Central American transport lines, to provide a wider field for the activities of the survey corporation. Before he was quite aware of it, he found himself in possession of two more subordinate organizations: Dominican Airlines, which became the West Indian Express; and the Compania Mexicana de Aviacion. The Mexican company turned out to be less important for map-making than for transporting payrolls at an altitude out of the reach of bandits.

In time the various Fairchild holdings became the base around which the \$66,000,000 Aviation Corporation was organized. Although Fairchild was vice president, actual control was in the hands of 60 directors.

A FEW years later, after a series of involved financial maneuvers, Fairchild succeeded in buying his original holdings back. Then he used them again for design and development purposes.

Behind the façade of apparent extravagance and dilettantism, Fairchild cultivates the canny realism of an old-time Yankee trader. In 1946 he found himself for the second time at odds with the long-range thinking of management, and resigned his position as board chairman. He retired to what seemed to be the ivory tower of new developments, leaving the old projects in the hands of managerial foster parents.

Soon after this, the corporation voted a pension to the new board chairman. Fairchild estimated that the value of this pension was around \$500,000. Fairchild tried to persuade the directors that the amount was excessive, and that the details of the award should be disclosed to the stockholders—for their approval.

When his arguments were unsuccessful, he decided to fight. Although owning less than four per cent of the stock—and having no banking support—he took the issue to the small stockholders and won the backing of their proxies. His campaign was bizarre, dramatic, and effective; it involved comic-strip illustrations of his arguments, simple, realistic statements to replace the usual legal jargon, and a private airline setup to ferry the answers from the Washington Post Office to the board of directors' meeting in Hagerstown, Md., site of his plane factory. The result was a cancellation of the pension, an ouster of the old manage-

ment and the reinstatement—by the stockholders—of Fairchild's own group, men more concerned with the corporation's development than with managerial politics.

But there exists no more typical instance of the poker-faced realism of the real Fairchild than his handling of Mussolini's onetime emissary of good will to the U. S., the bearded Gen. Italo Balbo.

When Balbo flew to this country on a so-called "good will" mission, back in the days of good will missions, he stopped to refuel at Fairchild's plant near Montreal. Fairchild gave him the necessary fuel, enough for all the planes in the Italian squadron. The usual formalities dispensed with, Balbo asked permission to telephone Mussolini. When the conversation was in progress, Balbo handed the phone to Fairchild, adding graciously, "Say something."

Fairchild, always a man to observe the amenities, courteously complied. These over, he turned to Balbo:

"Listen," he said. "Good will is all very pretty. But what I want to know is: Who's going to pay for all this gas?"

Fairchild today leads a lone-wolf life, working 16 to 20 hours a day, carrying an overnight case instead of a portfolio, and flying on a commuting basis from Washington to his Rockefeller Center office and streamlined city house, with occasional safaris to his French villa at Lloyd's Neck, Long Island.

HE HAS a dozen new projects in production. They include prefabricated indoor tennis courts and recreation buildings, utilizing airplane fuselage construction principles; special magnetic tape-recording machines synchronized with movie cameras; and research connected with the development of an atomic-powered airplane engine.

Yet, to understand Fairchild you have to see his houses. His imagination and surplus energy have been poured into these personal machines for living. His Lloyd's Neck place, set in a 45-acre estate, was the product of his own fancy and sports a private seaplane base, yacht harbor, and luminous indoor tennis court.

"The house is Louis XIII," Fairchild will explain to you, precisely, "but the modernizations are Louis XIV and Louis XV." A thorough man, even in his fantasies, Fairchild, before beginning his project, bought every available book on French architecture—in every lan-

guage. The important foreign works he had translated. He takes pride that his library on this subject is the most comprehensive one to be found outside of the French *Bibliothèque Nationale*.

But if this lapse into the past could be considered a flaw in his resources of imagination, the flaw was remedied swiftly when he built his town house. For this ultra-functional shelter is all Fairchild—from its teakwood floors, set on sound-damping rubber cushions to the concrete ramps which supplant such prosaic, interfloor connections as stairs.

Fairchild likes music, light, space, privacy; and the unorthodox byways of the house were designed to promote as much as possible of each. Music-making guests like Fray and Braggiotti, the duo-piano team, and Hoagy Carmichael constantly are teaming up with Sherman for classic and jam jousts. The house, consequently, had to be soundproof.

THE garden, instead of being set behind the house, as is customary in New York, has been placed in the middle—like a Roman garden. Glass walls flank it, giving every room a garden view. The front of the house is another wall of glass, fronted with gargantuan motor-operated venetian blinds.

Fairchild wanted space, and since space is at a premium in New York, he created it—as an illusion. No room has doors; and no room can truthfully be said to include a right angle. The walls are set at angles, causing the lines of a room to converge at the far end.

The pattern of the Fairchild houses is a condensation of the thinking and feeling of the man. For, to him, the most important thing in life is the extension of imagination. Success means not intensification of production nor the building of industrial empires, but the cultivation and development of ideas. This explains the door he has always kept open to the men who dream up new ways of doing interesting things, and interesting ways of doing old things better.

"An inventor with integrity can't get along in the ordinary, hard-boiled business organization," Fairchild claims. "Businesses usually are willing to pay only for concrete results, delivered on schedule. This may be common sense; but inventions are sadly lacking in common sense. The development of an invention takes great patience. And failure is part of the process."



CREDIT R. L. NESMITH

Management Counselors, Inc., is largely the creation of Alfred L. Hart, who is shown talking to several of his associates

By ARTHUR D. MORSE

SOME men retire into solitude, but these captains of industry are trying something new

JAMES B. BIRMINGHAM, 62, who retired after 30 years of service as an officer of the National City Bank of New York, is one of the hardest working office boys in an unusual organization called Management Counselors, Inc. His responsibilities are shared with a group of apprentices who are not the least bit awed by his presence.

They include C. F. Eurich, 65, former treasurer of the Schering Corporation; Wilfred Peel, 66, recently assistant vice president of the City Bank Farmers Trust Company; Louis Woellmer, 68, former vice president of the Cuban Electric Company and Joseph Skillings, 65, who managed the sales production division of the Texas Company.

Along with more than 30 associates, all names that have glittered among the top brass of American industry, these men have come up with a happy solution to the problems of retirement. Having pooled their 2,000 years of experi-

ence in 38 industries, they offer business management a consulting service of unprecedented stature, at the same time bringing new challenge and achievement to the later years of their own lives. In Management Counselors, the somber figure of statutory retirement has met its match.

As for those rotating "office boys," they simply demonstrate the cooperative structure of the organization, for in spite of its roster of retired presidents, vice presidents and board chairmen, MCI has only two paid employees. A visitor to the office at 37 Wall Street cannot help but be impressed by the impeccable gentleman who acts as receptionist when the girl is out to lunch.

Management Counselors is largely the creation of Alfred L. Hart, who learned that the fruits of retirement can quickly turn sour. The head of a successful corporation which bore his name, Hart had been the exclusive distributor for General Electric air-

conditioning products in Brooklyn and Queens and in Nassau and Suffolk Counties, New York. In addition, he had organized a lucrative fuel oil business, all of which brought him a good profit when he sold out to a national oil company in 1944. Hart was then 54 years old and he decided to retire and enjoy the 11 years that remained before he became officially obsolete. After all, he thought, if corporations retire men automatically at 65, that must be the precise moment when you become decrepit.

To fill out his allotted time, Hart gentleman-farmed a 60-acre tract on Long Island, specializing in the breeding of Guernsey cows. He soon realized that while he wasn't deteriorating on schedule, he had other worries. He was annoyed by the midnight dashes from home to farm to see if his cows were dropping their calves, by the scarcity of labor and by expenses.

"Which would you prefer?" he would say to his guests, holding up a bottle of champagne from his cellar and a bottle of milk from his Guernseys. "They both cost me the same."

When he dispersed his herd in 1947 he felt that at last he could relax and live the comfortable life of a retired executive.

"I was going to putter in the

garden," he recalls, "play some golf, go to Florida, come to town every now and then to see my old friends—it was going to be just perfect. But this is what happened. I found that I didn't enjoy lawn-mowing and that hobbies took up very little of my time.

"Each day I'd look forward to a visit to the post office but 75 per cent of the mail would be trash and once I finished reading the morning paper I'd have nothing to do in the afternoon. Even though I was retired, Mrs. Hart wasn't, and I was always getting in her way around the house. When I went to the city to have lunch with my old business friends, I noticed a change in their attitude—they just tolerated me—more as a "has-been" than anything else.

"I realized then that a man who had worked with his hands all his life could find a worth-while hobby during his retirement but what about an executive who had worked with ideas—what could he do? Then it began to dawn on me—all over the country there were Al Harts, men who had one great gift to offer—a lifetime of experience as successful business men—instead of wasting their later years they should be putting their experience to work for others. But how?"

BY the summer of 1949 Hart had worked out the "how" but the plan required his association with someone who had a national reputation. Then he met James A. Emery.

Emery, a lawyer, had served as general counsel of the National Association of Manufacturers for 36 years, retiring in 1946. Today, at 72, he is lean and erect, a man of

flashing wit and insight, who is quick to point out that "the Catos learn their Greek at 70."

One day Emery, who is called the Judge, joined Hart on a fishing trip. By the end of the day the Judge had hooked a mess of bluefish and Hart had hooked the Judge. Why, he argued, should a man's active life end when he gets his watch and scroll at the company's farewell dinner?

THEY talked about men like the retired admiral who left his doctor's office and announced mournfully, "I am suffering from acute statutory senility."

"And I know a fellow," Emery had said, "who didn't realize how much he had slipped until his wife said, 'lift your feet so I can get the carpet sweeper underneath you.'"

By the time the boat had docked, Hart and the Judge had set their plans. On Sept. 25, 1949, Management Counselors was launched under the formidable title, National Business Research Project. An office, bare except for essentials, was subleased and as the first order of business Hart dictated a letter to the company's one employee. It went to 1,500 top executives and it began:

"Mr. James A. Emery . . . has suggested that I write you in connection with a project which I have been developing for the past few months. A detailed prospectus of this brain child is enclosed."

The prospectus described Hart's intention to set up a panel of 50 topflight retired executives, specialists in every phase of management, qualified to analyze all elements of a client's business—manufacturing, finance, sales, inven-

tory, accounting, personnel, packaging, etc. Hart also conceived of a portable, advisory board of directors available to small businesses whose executives were often too busy with day-to-day activities to survey their long-range possibilities.

Then, instead of asking for business, Hart's letter requested its readers "to recommend men now retired, or soon to be retired, who would make a valuable contribution" to the undertaking. The letters sent, Hart and Judge Emery sat back and hoped for a few replies. There were 500!

Among the first received was one from Bernard Baruch. "I think it is a very good idea," he wrote, suggesting one of his acquaintances as a panel member. John Collyer, president of B. F. Goodrich Company, listed four names and W. S. Carpenter, Jr., chairman of du Pont said that the project is "one that is quite unique."

OTHER replies, from a veritable who's who of American industry, emphasized that retirement of men who possessed their full powers was a tragic waste of America's business talent. The respondents listed the names of hundreds of top-level retired executives who might give Hart a panel of consultants with matchless depth of experience.

Hart went to work contacting these men. First to join him was Bonnell W. Clark, who had been a Westinghouse vice president, and he was followed by banker James Birmingham, but the task of rounding out the panel with 50 names was not easy, for Hart met many skeptics. They were waiting for that inevitable catch, the financial contribution, but Hart was unconventional in this respect, too, and continued to foot all the organization's bills, which were now averaging \$1,000 a month.

Still the suspicion persisted. An executive of Consolidated Edison, convinced that the scheme was a gold-plated fraud, invaded Management Counselors and demanded an explanation. After Hart had outlined his plan, the visitor hurried back to his office and contacted one of Edison's most able retirees, Benjamin S. Murphy, a hulking man of 68 with vast experience in power station engineering. Murphy met Hart and decided to volunteer for a day's work at the office each week. He checked in Jan. 20, 1950, and he's been working five days a week ever since—without a penny in pay.

Hart and Judge Emery hand-



"Sort of ritzy here, eh?"

picked the first of their associates but later a membership committee consisting of Hart, Murray Sargent, former president of Sargent and Company (locks, tools, hardware) and Harold German, past vice president of the Lehigh Valley Railroad, reviewed applications and conducted interviews, accepting enough new members to complete the basic organization.

MEMBERS then were divided into 14 panels for the servicing of clients. These ran the gamut from internal organization to governmental relations and covered every facet of business operation. Advertisements were inserted in trade publications and Hart, now president of Management Counselors and Judge Emery, its chairman, waited for another deluge of response.

But there was no deluge. True enough there were inquiries from 18 states, the District of Columbia and Canada but business possibilities were negligible.

A letter carrier wrote in to ask if, for a small fee, Management Counselors could suggest a method by which he could save some steps each day; a Missouri lumberman telephoned excitedly after seeing one of the ads: "Send me a check for a million dollars," he said, "I've got to fill out my timber holdings—I'll explain later."

Then a wild-looking inventor stormed into the office and collared Benjamin Murphy. He described his fantastic new metal which could withstand heat in excess of 9,000 degrees centigrade and a frightening jet engine of uncontrollable speed along with other assorted dervishes for which there existed neither models nor blueprints.

Murphy, a blunt, irreverent engineer, snorted. "And what do you expect from us?" he asked the inventor.

"Just two million dollars for the development of my products—and ten thousand dollars for next week's payroll. Well, what do you think?"

"I think you're nuts," said Murphy simply.

Then there was the eager young representative of a correspondence school who came to the office to sell some courses guaranteed to bring success.

"Are any of your members veterans?" he asked the 70-year-old gentleman in charge of the office that day.

"Yes," came the reply, "we're all veterans."

Along with the zany, crackpot

demands there were legitimate requests for assistance. A butter and egg dealer informed MCI that he and his son differed about the future of their business. The father wanted to consolidate the firm's position; the son was for rapid expansion.

MCI assigned Thomas Carnes, former vice president of the National Dairy Products Corporation, to the case along with Clarke Pond who had been production engineer for the Budd Company. With their combined experience it took only a few days of investigation to ascertain that the expansion and speculation contemplated by the son would soon bankrupt the firm. For the small fee charged by MCI the butter and egg man felt a new sense of confidence and security in his method of doing business and his son was won over to his point of view.

In this and similar cases Management Counselors demonstrated that its battery of experts could act quickly and inexpensively for they were assigned to clients whose work related to their own experiences. But there was a new realization at MCI that business would not be attracted magnetically by the names and past reputations of its panel members. Instead, the organization would have to campaign actively for clients and start from scratch like any other new business. Thus retirement was getting more and more exciting with a return to the first struggles of youth.

IN the pages of *The Bugle*, MCI's mimeographed weekly newspaper which links members from coast to coast, editor Ben Murphy exhorted his associates to roll up their sleeves and drum up business. As if in answer to Murphy's plea along came Peter Papadakos and his Gyrodyne Company of America.

Papadakos, a 37-year-old aeronautical engineer, had worked during the war years for Curtiss-Wright and Bell Aircraft. He had risen rapidly, inventing several valuable gadgets, one of which saved millions of dollars' worth of planes and scores of pilots. But Papadakos, whose salary rarely exceeded \$100 a week, found himself intrigued by the operations of helicopters. He began to dream of a development that has tantalized countless aircraft designers—suppose a machine could take off, hover and land as a helicopter but could fly with the characteristics and speed of a conventional airplane?

Civilian and military uses of



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June 1st.—Lay abed betimes reflecting unhappily on the physical decadence accompanying advancing years, and so to my shoppe somewhat late; but did find the wheels of commerce turning equally well without me.

June 4th.—My daughter Abbe taken with poison oak. The power of suggestion finds me most uncomfortable, unhappily scratching also.

June 7th.—Goode salesman Cowen, for lack of Royal Furniture to purvey, offers his obese services as a chair tester. Regret must reject his proffer, but 265 pounds does not suffice to test my chairs of steel.

June 11th.—My great thanks to those who have penned me encouraging words anent this, my poore diary. Particularly am I grateful for the kind of comment of one Don Funk of Norfolk, one Irving Reynolds of Sylvania, Ohio, one Arthur Cotin of Utica, and one Dame Gordon Goodwin of Lomita, Cal.

June 21st.—Gratifying to me is my role of purveyor of my Royal Furniture to so many departments of defense, but hard put am I to sustain deliveries abreast of the demand.

June 27th.—No longer may we use the parting admonishment, "Take no wooden nickels." Now the wooden variety exceed in value their genuine counterpart.

June 28th.—At long last did finish Mr. Churchill's latest tome. For no man do I hold greater admiration; his writings are punctuated by aptitude for expression that imparts to me great exhilaration.

June 30th.—To golf, where I envy in secret those who with ease score in the eighties, and where I lord it over those who cannot surpass mine own 102.

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such a craft would be limitless—it could provide speedy, safe aerial bus service, utilizing terminals of modest size since runways would be unnecessary. It would also be an invaluable cargo carrier. As for military uses it would have the maneuverability of a helicopter and the speed of an airplane, serving both as a troop carrier and an ambulance plane, bringing new mobility to our forces. Such a plane had never gotten off the drawing board but Papadakos determined to build one.

He organized a group of young aeronautical engineers who made small contributions to the new company and he scooped the aircraft industry by purchasing at auction the plans, patents and coaxial helicopter built by Vincent Bendix before his death. These properties represented an initial investment of \$2,000,000 but Peter bought them for \$4,100. He went to work to build the first convertiplane but though the engineering progressed on schedule, the rest was chaos.

Peter was harassed by people who claimed to have influence in obtaining government contracts, by others who offered to raise money in exchange for his rights, arms, legs, etc. And the Gyrodyne Company was snarled in red tape from New York to Washington.

When the firm's lawyer suggested that Peter visit Management Counselors, he grasped at the straw. By now his experimental convertiplane had flown successfully, uniting the helicopter and the airplane for the first time, and the Air Force had called it "revolutionary." But there were no government contracts, negotiations had ground to a halt, financing was needed and the red tape was growing thicker.

A week after MCI's investigatory panel, composed of engineers, viewed a test flight of the convertiplane, they accepted their new client and from that moment the complicated life of Peter Papadakos began to clear up.

For six months he had made vain inquiries about leasing a factory with vital tools. Hart went to work and reported on it within a day.

"It can't be rented," he told Peter, "but you can forget about it. The Air Force tells me that if you get a contract they'll be able to make tools available, so don't worry about that yet."

MCI advised Gyrodyne to hire a retired naval captain to act as a Washington liaison man. While the captain made almost daily reports on the progress of Gyrodyne's affairs in Washington and Hart slashed red tape in other areas, banker James Birmingham was straightening out the firm's financial structure.

"If it wasn't for Birmingham," says Papadakos, "I would have been sucked into a cross-licensing agreement that would have cut right into the control of Gyrodyne. He also saved me months of wasted effort in fund raising by telling me exactly how I should proceed. Today we have 827 stockholders and we're sound financially."

Papadakos has another observation about MCI. "If anyone ever tells me that people are washed up at 60 or 65—why those guys have more pep than I have and Hart seems to be available at any time of the 24 hours a day."



But Management Counselors are just beginning to work for Gyrodyne. They have helped to negotiate for the purchase of 360 acres of land and the construction of a factory for the manufacture of convertiplanes and helicopters.

When the time comes for the building of the factory, Management Counselors will call on Bonnell Clark of Westinghouse to check the architect's plans for proper plant layout. To handle power problems a committee of three engineers will be called into consultation: Consolidated Edison's Ben

Murphy, Louis Woellmer of the Cuban Electric Company and Darrow Sage of the Public Service Electric and Gas Company of New Jersey.

Charles Crandall, retired secretary-treasurer of the Semet-Solvay Company, a division of Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation, will advise on corporate structure and accounting procedures while Harold German will be on hand to help overcome transportation problems and Judge Emery will apply his wisdom to the subject of labor relations. MCI will even provide public relations know-how in the person of 69-year-old Robert H. Elmendorf, who had charge of advertising and public relations for the Irving Trust Company.

There is a poetic justice in the fact that if Gyrodyne succeeds as a new power in the aircraft industry, its futuristic product will have reached its market partly because of the sound advice of men who might have wasted these years in porch rocking chairs.

Management Counselors works on a retainer or per diem basis which comes to a small fraction of its contribution. Not that MCI is a philanthropic organization. After Hart had sunk \$16,000 of his own money in its beginnings his associates said they wanted to share the burden with him. Their loans, as well as the moderate fee paid by each new member, will be paid back before any profits are distributed. Although each associate is in comfortable financial circumstances, MCI is no different from any other business—it will judge its success by its eventual profits but its philosophy is to make its services available to any business large or small and its fees are so scaled.

Hart seems to be leading a successful crusade on behalf of men whose ideas never seem to grow old.

"Funny thing," he said recently, "it took a fellow like Ezio Pinza to make the ladies realize that youth wasn't the only attraction. Why we had a call the other day from one of the most glamorous movie actresses.

"She asked whether we could assign one of our associates full time to her affairs. Goes to show you, never underestimate the capabilities of a man who's retired; remember, he's still a man."

An Oscar for Everybody

INSPIRATION seized Ray E. Dodge in a moment of bitter disappointment. At the 1924 Olympic Games, he had finished out of the running in the 400-meter dash. As the liner steamed home from Paris with the American team, young Dodge watched his teammates exult over the glittering assortment of trophies they had won.

"Returning empty-handed was no fun," recalls Dodge. "And right then I saw the demand for a product that will never diminish."

Today—moving with strides he never attained in the Olympics—the gusty, 48-year-old Southern Californian operates a \$5,000,000 annual business in the trophy and sports jewelry field. Dodge, Inc., with plants in Miami, Chicago, Newark, Mexico City and Los Angeles, had a sales volume in 1950 more than four times that of other competitors.

Covering 40,000 miles a year, Dodge is probably one of the most financially solvent ex-athletes in the country. He finds it impossible to step into a college field house, big-league baseball clubhouse, hockey rink, fight gym, golf club or virtually any sports arena from Madison Square Garden to Hollywood's Legion Stadium without finding one or more of his products.

Last January 1, for example, winners of the Rose, Sugar, Cotton, Orange, Sun, Raisin and Peanut Bowl games all stepped up to collect gaudy Dodge-designed baubles in silver, onyx and marble. Most All-Americans wear Dodge gold footballs on their vests.

His craftsmen turn out such classic trophies as the Miss America speedboat cup, Hawthorne Gold Cup, Cat Cay Tuna Trophy, Hearst National Rifle Trophy, Heisman Football Award and the Hollywood Gold Cup. Thirty thousand schools, clubs and sport promoters buy medals, pins, keys, statuettes, rings, gilded platters, buckles and cups covering everything from archery to zebra hunting and ranging in price from tiny charms worth 40 cents to mammoth bronzed chalices costing thousands of dollars.

Not long ago, Paul Helms, Los Angeles baker who sponsors the athletic shrine, Helms Hall, phoned Dodge to say challengingly, "This time I've got a job that'll make you retool. I want you to build me the largest trophy in the world!"

Two weeks later, Dodge dropped by the Hall to deliver a grill ten feet high. Made of sterling silver and colonnaded like a southern mansion, the Helms World Championship Trophy appropriately enough is dedicated to the greatest stars of six continents. It cost \$10,000.

"They figured we would need months to get measurements on other giant awards," chuckles Dodge. "But actually we built the previous record holder at Dodge, Inc.—the eight-and-one-half-foot Schwinn Bicycle Trophy."

The firm got started in 1927 when Dodge and ten other Olympic athletes of 1924 pooled their slim resources and opened a small casting plant in Chicago. Sympathetic sportswriters gave them publicity and their Olympic reputations helped land some retail accounts. By 1930, Dodge was able to buy out his partners and begin an expansion that now includes 11 different corporations.

Americans are the trophy-happiest people on earth, Dodge believes. "I'm the man with an Oscar for everybody," he says. "One out of 20 homes in the U. S. has one of our awards around the house."

Sports awards are only a portion of Dodge's tremendous output, which ranges from scientific medallions to graduation scrolls, scout pins, pie-baking plaques and Phi Beta Kappa keys. Merely filling the orders for fraternal, lodge and military insignia would keep the factories humming. Some years ago, Dodge landed the most coveted assignment of all: creating the official "Oscars" for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

What groups most enjoy collecting a slight token of somebody's esteem? Dodge says that among the more title-conscious are clubwomen (bridge trophies are a big item), public links golfers, livestock exhibitors, weightlifters, record-seeking fishermen, several million bowlers and almost anyone who owns a show dog or race horse.

During World War II, Dodge, Inc., won the Army-Navy "E" for converting to aircraft parts manufacture. When the Secretary of War authorized individual lapel pins for each Dodge worker, the boss had only to dip into one of his bins—he made 'em himself.

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How a Small Business Saved Itself

(Continued from page 37)

had taken any dividends during this period and the three management officials were working on small salaries. Everything was going back into the company.

Net sales soared. In 1947 there was a business of almost \$388,000; in 1948, \$575,000; 1949, \$606,000. The 1950 total was \$750,000, and it is estimated that the \$1,000,000 mark will be passed this year.

THIS sanguine state of affairs was due to the ingenuity of the new management team, which had decided stoves were all right as far as they went, but that new products made new business. So they developed such products.

There was the new chalk board. Of chlorophyll green, it's said by educators to be easy on the eyes of pupils; some industrialists also regard it as easy on the eyes of employees so it is being installed for factory bulletin boards.

There were porcelain enamel fireplaces; window sills; escalator step risers; house exteriors; roof shingles; wall panels; shower wall linings; cement block facings; reflectionized signs and many other things—all developed by Bettinger.

The Bettinger boys had ideas and they were beginning to click. But now they reached a crisis; a familiar crisis in small business. They needed money if they wanted to grow; they needed it, indeed, if they merely wanted to stay where they were.

But they didn't have enough equity capital to obtain working capital by ordinary means.

Moreover, in their second biggest year of record, 1949, they actually had lost more than \$21,000 because they had been caught in a peculiarly exasperating situation. An oil crisis arose in New England, and Bettinger had to buy expensive household oil in quantities of 40,000 gallons a month to keep its employees working.

The net of the situation was this: In the midst of booming business the company was losing money and it had to have working capital to stop losing and stay in business.

So the boys huddled. They knew that in similar circumstances—or any circumstances at all—when money had to be raised, small business management usually (A) went to the bank or (B) sold stock to a couple of well heeled indi-

viduals. At this point a Boston banker did offer to take over the financing, but they turned him down. This, they knew, could lead to loss of operating control. The same thing could happen if they sold to individuals, assuming they could find a couple ready and willing. Not that control, *per se*, interested them so much; they were willing to gamble control, but not in these ways.

In another way they did gamble it. They went to the public. They offered stock in their corporation for sale.

But this was different. It is true that they offered to the public almost 60 per cent of the new issue—the preferred and common stockholders of the old company turned in their old shares dollar for dollar for the new to make up the remaining 40 per cent—but they were gambling complete control for long-range gain. They were relying on their own ability to manage a larger corporation rather than on the mere size of their stock interest. They were willing to accept a smaller share of a larger company in order to make it succeed.

THIS interested the Harvard professors. As did Bettinger's invitation to Myles L. Mace, a Harvard professor himself and chairman of the Small Business Advisory Committee of the Department of Commerce, to be a member of the new board. As did, also, the invitation to George M. Hansen, president of the National Federation of Financial Analysts Societies, to serve on the board. Mace and Hansen accepted. Along with the Bettinger trio they make up the corporation's board.

As they point out at Harvard, these two additions to the board put the public on notice that the Bettinger boys were voluntarily making themselves responsible to some important people.

So far—fine; but to say you are going to the public is one thing and to be able to do it is another. Bettinger took the issue to large underwriting firms in New York and Boston and got nowhere. There wasn't enough in such a small issue to interest them.

But in Boston's Milk Street, the Bettinger boys found a concern that would take the job on a best efforts basis. This was Jackson and Company, who are selling the issue for ten per cent commission, leav-

ing the corporation proceeds of \$188,000 when the sale is completed.

Shaver's approach to the problem is that "expansion capital is waiting at the corner for a healthy small company. The local druggist, the doctor, the people who never bought stock before are all part of the new capital pool."

P. Judson Munn, head of Jackson, agrees. "We have many inquiries from workers and professional white collar people," he says. "As a matter of fact the best way to get venture capital these days is to reach people who just a few years ago probably would not have dreamed of buying stock. Sell smaller lots to more people. This, of course, is, or should be, of great advantage to small business."

THE stock sale, begun in December, 1950, started as a community affair. To the astonishment of some of the more orthodox New England industrialists, the salesmen took the telephone book of Waltham as their list of potential investors and went up and down the streets offering the issue. It was a purely speculative stock, they emphasized; no dividends for at least two years; only an investment for the long pull and possible capital gain.

But they sold 25 shares here, 50 there, a sale of ten as a birthday present for a young woman. A housewife who had made a little profit in another investment put it all into 200 shares as a long-range speculation.

Thus it began and the circle of community interest in Waltham—a prosperous Bettinger, of course, means more business locally and the business men cooperated—was like a stone dropped into a pool. The ripples of interest spread out—to Watertown, to other small towns in the vicinity, and as this is written had reached Boston itself, where professionals were looking the situation over.

In Milk Street they say that the trend of the sale and the number of inquiries indicate that all the stock will be sold by the end of July.

That, then, is the story that interests Harvard's business thinkers. As they point out, there's nothing new in the method; the interesting thing is that a small business is turning to the community, so to speak, to support its efforts and that is, if not unique, unusual indeed in this day and age.

"The salvation of small business," says Bob Weaver, "is to sell its stock publicly."

He could be right.

"Here's How It Is, Kids"

(Continued from page 39)

you to talk about it," Gwen said. "Do you suppose Bar O will let us have Dulcie again? She's a sweet-heart and..."

Something in her father's face stopped Gwen. She shot an anxious glance at her mother, then asked in a low voice, "Aren't we... going to The Ranch this summer?"

"Yes, we're going," Jim said. "But here's how it is, kids. Things are a little different this year and we have to watch the dollars. Instead of six weeks at The Ranch I'll have to settle for two." Disappointment clouded their faces. "I'll try to get in a week end now and then. Here's the tough part for you... we can't afford a horse because Bar O's a dude ranch, and rental runs into money."

Gwen caught her breath sharply, then smiled, "O.K.... Dad." "O.K.," Bill echoed, and belatedly, and somewhat weakly, Jerry managed to gulp, "O.K."

"I'm proud of you," Jim said.

"We're lucky," Gwen said. "Lou Ballard told me they are staying in town this summer. She thinks they can't afford Oceanside."

"Is that so?" Jim said, meeting Martha's eyes. "That's too bad."

He watched them get their things and start for school. He walked over to the window for a final view. Gwen and Bill were saying little. Jerry trailed them, kicking rocks, bits of paper and tufts of grass. *Maybe I should have delayed telling them, Jim thought, then shook his head. No, my dad was never a put-offer.*

A week before school ended, Jim drove to The Ranch. He removed the winter's debris from their pri-

vate road; chased pack rats from the cabin and cleaned up things generally. The Bar O saddle string, galloping along a nearby ridge, filled him with sadness. He hadn't thought of it before, but this would be a sight the kids would witness many times during the summer. It would be hard to take.

Three days before they were due to leave for The Ranch, Bill said uncertainly. "About a fly rod, Dad..." Jim felt butterflies in his stomach. "I've made about half enough to buy it."

"You have?" Jim exclaimed. "I'll make up the difference."

"About flies," the boy continued shyly. "I learned to tie flies from a book. They aren't very good."

Jim examined the flies. They lacked the professional touch, but he exclaimed, "The finest flies I ever saw. A trout that won't go for them has holes in his head."

Gwen had something on her mind. Jim smiled and she asked uncertainly, "I know where we can rent a horse trailer for five dollars, Dad. Would a trailer hooked onto the car use much extra gasoline?"

"A horse trailer?" he asked puzzled.

"I mean... with a horse in it," Gwen explained. Jim's stomach fluttered again. "The horse won't cost us anything."

"What?" Jim's astonishment brought a happy glow to his daughter's cheeks.

"Here's how it is, Dad," the girl said. "Mr. Tuesley of the riding academy sent notices of special rates this summer. I saw him. He said he hoped to get enough business to pay feed bills. I told him if he had an extra horse, we'd feed him, free, this summer. I told him about The Ranch and showed him pictures. He said he would think it over. I could hardly sleep for two nights."

"Merciful heavens!" Martha exclaimed. "I heard you squirming in bed at all hours of the night and thought you were coming down with something."

Gwen's eyes danced with excitement. "Mr. Tuesley telephoned and said yes. Now... Dad... if we can afford a trailer... over the... week end..."

Jim's butterflies took off again. He grinned, kissed Gwen, and said:

"Some day, honey, you'll understand. Some day... when you have kids of your own."



"What do you mean, that number has been disconnected?"



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The Trouble with Men

(Continued from page 32)

mon taste and experience ever have been able to understand why a woman's hat should cost more than \$8.95, or why an evening dress ever goes out of fashion. But the man who roars like a lion over the price tag on his wife's spring coat is a munificent lamb when confronted by a cookie bearing a cigarette tray in some low dive; he would feel like Scrooge if he tossed this poor little working girl less than a dollar for a 20-cent package of smokes.

All the stinginess in evidence as he analyzes his wife's department store bills evaporates magically with the appearance of a leggy babe offering stuffed pandas, gardenias or kewpie dolls. Never mind that the leggy babe, like the cigarette cookie, has to turn over the money to some night club concessionaire. Big Shot has had his moment. A female he'll never see again has given him a honeyed smile, and he feels like a devil of a fellow. Diamond Jim Schmo.

We will pass over the lad who is embarrassed into buying a suit he can't afford because the material is just off the boat from England and the thoughtful haberdasher with a broad A has put it aside for him, feeling only he, of all customers, deserves pure cashmere. We will not mention the high-stake gin game he gets into in the club car of the Bankers' Special because he hasn't nerve enough to tell the well heeled strangers he isn't a banker and never plays for more than a quarter of a cent a point.

Just let's say the male's eccentric spending habits are best illustrated by the absurd custom of striding into a tavern and buying drinks for a roomful of strangers. This is a centuries-old and honored practice with men who desire to celebrate a big deal, the birth of an heir, or a particularly spectacular torch which has just gone out, and it is about as ridiculous as wanton extravagance can get.

Ever hear of a woman catapulting through the doors of a saloon crying, "Champagne for everybody!"...?

The urban male of 1951 considers himself sophisticated and professes to believe in the single standard, but he lies in his teeth. His espousal of equal rights and identical rules for men and women is strictly a conversational concession to modernity.

In practice he is unwilling to give his wife—or his sweetheart—one tenth of the freedom he enjoys. He can rumba and flirt with the prettiest redhead at the party, and his indignation is monumental if his wife suggests that he overdid it. But let her spend half an hour discussing the Republican Party with a tweedy stranger at the cocktail fight and she gets an icy "You and Witherspoon seemed to hit it off very well" treatment from her husband on the way home.

Anything a man does in the way of monopolizing a curvy blonde comes under the heading of sheer politeness. But if his wife happens to dance twice with a good-looking male, he is studying his wrist

"There will always be a frontier where there is an open mind and a willing hand."

—Charles F. Kettering

watch, wondering how soon he can mention the hard day tomorrow. Let her stroll out into the garden for a breath of air on a hot night, and even if her companion be Dracula's brother, friend husband is a nervous wreck and a bundle of righteous recrimination.

This same gentleman can spend three months of the year on the road, for business, and his wife is supposed to assume that he had no fun at all from South Bend to Sacramento. But let her toy with the notion of spending a week end at a milk farm and her Harry is sure to suspect there's more to that big masseur than meets the eye.

What men really believe, when you pin them down, is that anything they do is Quite All Right, and boys will be boys, ha ha, but it behooves the ladies to behave more or less as grandma did when she was old and slowed down.

When men are deriding the small weaknesses of their mates, they spend considerable time pointing out that women are faddists—slaves to the fashion magazine, the Paris dressmaker, and the opinion of Mrs. Jones across the street. They belabor the female tendency to follow the horde in matters of skirt lengths, hat shapes and hairdos. "Sheep!" is the epithet they find for us.

They do not see, because they

wish to be blind, the sheep on every campus of every U. S. college, wearing their identical gray flannel trousers turned up to an identically ridiculous height, identically inappropriate white shoes in the wintertime and identical small caps on their identically crew-cut heads.

At any evening gathering, which sex looks stamped out by a cookie cutter? The women, who are in pink and blue and red and yellow and green and white, in bouffant and pencil silhouettes, in floor-length and knee-length hems? Or the men, in unvarying dinner jackets, white shirts and black ties?

When you review the history of silly fashions, all the prizes for sartorial nonsense don't go to women, no matter what men say. We had the bustle, true, and the 1924 hip-girdling waistline and Dolly Bloomer's bloomers.

But who wore the plus fours? Who got himself up in the celluloid collar, the lace cuff, the periwig, the zoot suit? Who talked himself into the stiff-bosomed evening shirt, spats, and, of all things, the knee-baring kilt?

The superior male.

Basically, men have two ways of dressing. They have no variety. Half of them are overconservative, like undertakers. The other half are violently, repugnantly colorful, like race track touts.

They ought to be willing to put on evening clothes more often. It's really no trouble to them, now that the soft evening shirt has come into vogue, and they are well aware that dressing up at night is a morale-lifter to women. Not to allow a wife to switch from Mother Hubbard to glamour gown at every opportunity indicates sheer stubbornness, meanness, and laziness on the part of the male.

They ought to dance more, too—and not just at moments when they want to prove to some chick that there's life in the old boy yet. Most women keep up their dancing after marriage, or would if they had any practice at all. But most men never get around to learning the new steps, which is why on any night club floor you see old bucks hopping around executing maneuvers that were hot stuff in 1903.

Need I mention the drunk, while I am listing the complaints of woman-kind?

I might as well; goodness knows there are enough of him.

Never mind the occasional inebriate, the fellow who in his innocence and inexperience is suddenly taken with too many old-

fashioneds; give him an aspirin and an icebag and forgive him. Anybody can make a mistake in counting.

But let us show no mercy to that social leper, the deliberate drunk. He is a pain in the neck to his friends and a terrible cross to his wife. He has no excuse for his behavior. He knows when he is knotting his tie at the beginning of the evening that he is going to get a snootful, and he can hardly wait. Nothing will stop him, not pleas nor threats nor dark looks nor even tears. He is a bore at the country club dance, the city bistro, the political convention. He is a nuisance, a jerk and a horror. He is grounds for divorce.

The Usual Man doesn't realize it, but he has no notion of what ails him or what makes him tick. He smiles tolerantly when his wife pulls a conversational blooper but his patronizing air hides his genuine need for just what she's supplying by being a Claudia, or a Dulcy. The truth is he enjoys and is sustained by his wife's small errors. He is the victim of his unquenchable faith in the double standard, and if the woman in his life never made a gaffe he would worry, be uncomfortable and eventually come to feel that she was unfeminine.

I think of all the sins, faults and omissions committed by the male animal, lack of understanding is what hurts women most. Men notice us, pursue us, love us and marry us, but they refuse to understand us. They adopt a comic strip Maggie-and-Jiggs attitude toward females, lumping us into one category—the sex with the funny hats, the foibles, the legend of "intuition," the mom-complex, and the inability to balance a checkbook. (What's so important about balancing a checkbook anyway? Who gives a hoot about the \$3.79, and what's the bank for?)

Their attitude is sad for us and for them, because they underestimate their own influence on women. They are blind to the wonderful magical truth that if they would take the trouble to suggest and instruct, instead of carp and poke fun, we would grow in a short time into their image of perfection.

As the late James M. Barrie said: "A woman can be anything the man who loves her would have her be."

Most of us are in love, and eager to be what one man wants. Most of us are only waiting for the hand of Pygmalion to release us from the marble and make us Galatea.



All Aboard on Miniature Line

OUT ON the edge of Rensselaer, Ind., stands a modern gray stone building—home of the world's largest amusement train industry.

The term "amusement train" is preferred by R. D. Robertson, vice president and general manager of the Miniature Train Company, because the trains are intended primarily for the pleasure of children. Far from the living room affairs seen at Christmas time, these trains can carry as many as 240 passengers and come at a cost up to \$14,200. Smaller models include, in addition to the power plant, three coaches and an observation car, and have a seating capacity of 48 passengers, children and adults.

The company was started in 1928, when P. A. Sturtevant, a young sales engineer of Elmhurst, Ill., stood in his back yard pondering some new means of amusement for his son and his neighborhood pals. He came up with the idea of a miniature train. Soon the Sturtevant back yard was a scene of much rail activity with a small train clanking along a diminutive track, carrying a shouting throng of delighted kids.

Neighborhood parents were enthusiastic. They urged Sturtevant to develop his brain child and to get it into factory production. It was then that Robertson came into the picture. Soon miniature trains were being made for customers in Chicago and elsewhere.

Customers are seldom individuals, except for that growing group of investors who purchase them to operate for their own profit in amusement parks. Earnings of such trains are reputed to repay the initial investment during the first summer season.

Many of the miniature trains are leased by large department stores, to carry children on tours of their toy departments. Another large and growing group of customers is

made up of public parks in cities everywhere.

Miniature trains are operated in Chicago's Riverview and Lincoln Parks; at Whitney's-at-the-Beach in San Francisco; at Euclid Beach of Cleveland; Palisades Park of Palisades, N. J.; Gwynn Oak Park of Baltimore; Elitch's Gardens, Denver; Roseland Park at Canandaigua, N. Y.; and Ponchartrain Park of New Orleans. They also can be found in South America, Hawaii, the West Indies, and Mexico.

Four models are sold. The smallest, perhaps, is an electrically driven train designed for indoor use. Then there are three other models for outdoors, pulled by air-cooled gasoline motors.

"The pride and joy of the company," Robertson said, "is an exact 1/5 scale model of the famous General Motors diesel locomotive, built by the corporation at a cost of \$30,000,000. Two of these models are produced with separate and complete power units, each ten feet long.

The Miniature Train Company supplies track, but advises that it often may be obtained for the larger trains more cheaply from some local steel company. It also makes such accessories as automatic crossing and block signals, warning bells, and flashing lights. And when the larger models are set up, the company sends an expert to supervise the job. He remains with the customer until the unit is running perfectly.

Looking to the future and with an eye on world conditions, Robertson says, "We look forward with assurance to a profitable future. Future business seems assured with the revival of popularity of older amusement parks and the replacement of their older equipment."

—FRANK M. SIMISON

Stalemate in State Taxes

(Continued from page 34)

—Montana, Oregon and West Virginia — approved them. Maine would like to add one, but with the already mounting revenue shortage is loath to add the supplementary expense. In any case, the amount raised for World War II bonuses so far through bond issues, which have to be retired with state tax money, exceeds \$2,400,000,000.

THE big problem of the states is to feed the rapacious giants. Years ago the solution would have been much simpler. Then, as an expert on state government problems describes it, the states had a fair chance at the tax pool. But now the federal Government has moved in with an insatiable appetite and a seine net. The cities are struggling along in their fishing with an

old bent pin. And the states, with pretty much the same hook and line of prewar days, have to fish out enough to fill their own enlarged stomachs and the needs of their undernourished cities, villages, towns and counties.

With the federal Government taking out almost 70 per cent of the catch, the states are scrambling hard to keep alive.

What can they do? In 1949 when the going suddenly toughened, many states took a look at their tax positions. Several, including the larger industrial states of New York, Massachusetts and California raised rates on income taxes. Minnesota put a surtax on individual and corporation income taxes to pay for its veterans' bonus program.

Delaware, which, because of its

inviting taxless corporation laws, attracted the formation of great business and industrial enterprises, slapped a gross tax on personal incomes. Massachusetts gave smokers a shock by adding a five-cent levy to a pack of cigarettes. Many other states jacked up sales taxes.

Florida, which heretofore had rejected the idea, finally got around to putting through a three per cent tax on sales. Last year, the first of the new tax's effectiveness, the state's coffers were fattened by an extra \$23,000,000. But Floridians, with an eye on the rewarding tourist trade, tread lightly on any tax that might suddenly make Bermuda or Havana more attractive. They exempted the sale of food, soap and rentals for less than six months—and, perhaps as a concession to those who came for gambling, coffins.

Several states jolted the citizens where it really hurts. Ten of them raised taxes on tobacco. Fourteen hiked gasoline taxes and eight upped the levy on a glass of beer, sip of wine or "boilermaker." Four states—Arizona, Nevada, New York and Oregon—moved in on winnings by taking a larger slice of the money wagered at the pari-mutuel windows at their race tracks.

With all these changes, many of these same states still have financial problems running into 1951. The question was what could they do without battering their reeling citizens into unconsciousness. Already the sales tax had become the prize revenue catcher. As of July 1, 31 states will be using it. Taxes on gasoline and motor fuels were running a close second, with income taxes right on their heels.

THE one hope would be to get some relief for their citizens from federal taxes which could best be used by the states. Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia lent some encouragement to the wish by urging Washington to relinquish \$7,000,000,000 worth of nondefense spending. If the states could put their hands on the sources of this money, they could make considerable headway in balancing their budgets.

Sometimes straining for new taxes leads to situations off the beaten path. Back in 1947, when Connecticut needed more money to run its affairs, the late Gov. James L. McConaughy had a three per cent sales tax enacted. But the windfall that resulted proved so much greater than state needs that the rate was shaved to one per

States Adopting New Tax Proposals

Arkansas—Increased the cigarette tax from four to six cents per pack to raise an estimated \$2,000,000 in additional annual revenue. Boosted liquor taxes by about \$800,000 a year, brought hotel and tourist court bills under provisions of the state sales tax.

Maine—Anticipates \$10,000,000 in annual revenue from a new two per cent retail sales tax.

Michigan—Legislature overrode the governor's veto to increase the gasoline tax rate by 1½ cents per gallon.

Oregon—Legislature enacted a new three cent cigarette tax to raise \$5,000,000 in additional annual revenue. If not halted by referendum petitions, the tax will become effective Oct. 1.

Pennsylvania—Raised the corporate net income tax from four to five per cent; expected to yield \$44,000,000 in extra annual revenue.

Rhode Island—Increased taxes against sales, corporate income, and pari-mutuel betting in an effort to raise \$9,600,000 additional annual revenue. The present one per cent retail sales tax was doubled, the corporation income tax upped from four to five per cent, and the state's share of pari-mutuel betting increased from five to seven per cent.

Washington—A special session of the legislature imposed a four per cent corporate income tax to raise between \$20,000,000 and \$28,000,000. Also enacted a real estate transaction tax of one per cent to be paid by the seller and levied at the county level to raise \$11,000,000 for common school support.

West Virginia—Cigarette tax upped from one to four cents per pack (one cent to go toward soldiers' bonus program, other two cents earmarked for school and other purposes), doubling of beer tax of \$2.75 per barrel, and boosting of state's liquor store prices to provide an additional \$1,600,000 in annual revenue.

cent. Later, when the state got its second wind, it returned to a two per cent rate and will doubtless keep or increase it.

Minnesota has gone after almost everything. The exception so far has been a sales tax. During the 1940's, it took on cigarettes and also airplanes. Its tax laws provide for a levy "on all aircraft using the space overlying the state," at a rate of one per cent of the plane's value, but never less than \$10. If this law is enforced with scrupulous care, it could make amateur flying a little discomfiting for a one-flight visitor from some distant state.

Out in Kansas, authorities certainly know that the state's chief source of activity centers on the farms. To keep farmers on their toes, they have levied a 50-cent grain harvest privilege fee. Besides adding to the state income, the fee reminds harvesters that a tax is due on the actual grain yield.

Some states have gone in for other kinds of severance taxes. In Alabama, the woodsman pays for the privilege of using the products of the forest. There is also a tax for drilling for oil or natural gas. Florida goes easy on those explorers unblessed by lady luck. The tax of \$50 for drilling for oil is reduced to \$15 if the adventurer ends up with a dud.

GENERALLY, the squealing over new taxes is more sound than fury. A survey made by an impartial private association concludes that the public accepts new tax loads a little grudgingly but ceases to balk once the time comes to pay them. There are exceptions, of course.

In Maryland last fall, Gov. William Preston Lane stood for reelection, in part, on the sales tax program his administration had fostered. After his defeat, more than one precinct pundit held that "any man could beat Lane because he was tagged as responsible for that sales tax." In Missouri, voters given a chance to pass on a two-cent per gallon increase in gasoline taxes overwhelmingly turned it down, even though informed of the state's genuine need for added revenue.

A committee of private citizens appointed by Maine's Gov. Frederick G. Payne, however, came up with a strong advocacy of a sales tax. Named to study the state's fiscal problems, committee members predicted the state would not be able to meet present obligations without some new taxation. But in their proposal they refrained from stepping on hallowed Yankee tradition. Exempt from the sales tax

were meals served to children in schools and the sale of Bibles and religious writings.

The alternative to added taxes is the grant-in-aid from the federal Government. In view of the new world emergency and the likelihood of the federal Government's taxing us to the hilt, states will have to learn to live with grants whether they like them or not. In general, grants are not a popular device among those responsible for running state governments. Too often, in the opinion of an authority on state finance, the grantors use their power as a whip.

JUST before last Christmas, New York's Gov. Thomas E. Dewey accused Federal Security Administrator Oscar R. Ewing of interfering with the conduct of the state's welfare program in return for federal aid. Although Ewing denied the charge, it is true that standards, specifications and require-



ments set by Washington before it releases any funds, amount to outside meddling.

Gov. Alfred Driscoll of New Jersey is wary of grants for another reason. They are wasteful, he believes, because they add to a state's burdens. They are geared often neither to need nor ability to pay. Many experts agree with the governor that grants should be based on bona fide need and made only where the need can be demonstrated. Otherwise, large sums of money would be squandered both by Washington and the states which, as a condition of the grant, have to match it with an equal sum. As a case in point, New York's matching share for a proposed federal grant for A-bomb shelters would have equaled half its 1951 budget.

But as grants are not likely to

become dispensable in the foreseeable future, certain common-sense guiding principles can minimize their evils. A group of governors suggests the following be kept in mind:

1. When services are clearly best performed by the federal Government, grants should be offered to the states on the basis of need. This would apply particularly to highway problems.

2. When needs differ among the several states, as in the case of education, grants should be offered only on the basis of demonstrable financial hardship.

3. If a particular service is developed or managed most effectively by the states, the alternative of a grant should be ruled out altogether.

4. As a rule, grants should be offered without strings so that states can adapt them to internal conditions.

Even though federal aid is here to stay for a while, the arguments against outweigh those in its favor. As seen by the Council of State Governments, federal aid leads to sectional rivalries and jealousies. In practice it discriminates against the citizens of, say, Ohio who are taxed to support some activity in New Mexico or Utah. It is wasteful because it throws money about like a blanket, often covering areas that have no need of it, and forces states roundly to blow up their own budgets to match it. More seriously, it leads to centralization by promoting federal control of local affairs and could bring on a federal monopoly of taxing powers.

Perhaps the only persuasive factors in its support are that it is a way out for financing essential services which the states can't afford themselves and that it is a useful device for joining the state with the federal Government in common enterprises.

RIGHT now, an emergency lets the states slide out of a testy situation. But it doesn't solve any long-range problems. If the states can profit from the lessons of yesterday, they may be ready for tomorrow. The experts recommend they get moving at once to press for a return of as much of their taxing power as the federal Government will permit, and keep up the battle to get all of it back once the crisis is over.

Government functions best, they maintain, when taxation is close to the people who need the Government's services.

He Makes Strikes Look Foolish

(Continued from page 29)

taneously as bookkeeper, assistant foreman and, at times, shipping clerk. He continued at the law school, being graduated in 1918. But he never got around to practicing his profession, for a better opportunity intervened.

Early in 1919 the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union threatened a strike over the coat-and-suit industry's demand for a week-work instead of a piece-work system. The large manufacturers had an association which could deal with the union but the hundreds of small employers had no spokesman.

At 22, Uviller set out to organize a new trade group. He began in February and by May had 750 members in the American Cloak and Suit Manufacturers Association. After extended negotiations, he came to favorable terms with the union.

A rudimentary grievance procedure was set up under the collective bargaining agreement. Uviller was supposed to meet with his opposite number in the union—one Saul Metz—to thrash out specific disputes.

Uviller had tough sledding, for Metz was a socialist firebrand who preferred to meet the bosses at the barricades rather than the conference table.

At their first session, six disputes were up for settlement. Metz wouldn't concede a single point. Uviller pointed out that the only alternative, under the contract, was arbitration. Metz intimated that while they were haggling over the selection of an arbitrator he would have all the shops tied up by walkouts.

Uviller suddenly took another tack: he suggested they put the dispute before Morris Sigman, then vice president of the union. Metz was incredulous at the proposal, but couldn't refuse such a proposition.

Uviller's gamble was well rewarded: Sigman decided more than half the cases in his favor. And Uviller absorbed a lesson: "An unexpected appeal to fair play often pays off."

Six months after his first collision with Metz, he had another run-in with him. Once again they wrangled to no avail over some ten disputes. Uviller amiably took his departure; two days later he invited Metz to lunch. It was a fine

spring day. After lunch they strolled in Central Park. Uviller avoided any discussion of business; instead he drew Metz out on the history of the workers' movement, life in the old country, and sundry sentimental tangents.

After two hours of uninterrupted conversation, Uviller casually mentioned the matter of their unfortunate dispute. Fifteen minutes later they had reached agreement on all ten cases. "The moral?" Uviller says, "never meet a tough problem head on."

Through the next 15 years Uviller labored to build an equitable working relationship with the union. One of his proudest achievements was the manner in



which the pressing machine was introduced into the coat-and-suit industry.

The union stubbornly resisted the machine, for it meant considerable unemployment. Uviller broke the deadlock by proposing that a weekly tax be paid on each pressing machine used by the employer.

The tax—set at \$8 a week—went into a union-administered fund to support unemployed pressers. This program lasted four years, by which time the machine had been effortlessly assimilated into the industry.

Although Uviller always was friendly to the union, he had no compunction about fighting strenuously against demands which he considered unreasonable. At one bargaining session, the union representative reproached him sadly.

"Harry," he said, "I can't understand your attitude. I always thought you were on the side of the oppressed."

"I still am!" Uviller snapped. "My manufacturers are the new oppressed."

At another conference, in 1933, Uviller was hostile to a cherished union proposal relating to the continuance of the pressers' unemployment fund when it was no longer necessary. The argument grew quite heated. At its climax Uviller was denounced by the usually genial ILGWU president, David Dubinsky.

"Uviller," Dubinsky boomed, "you'll regret your position. Your wings will be clipped yet!" But three years later, when a permanent arbitrator had to be chosen for the dress industry, Dubinsky wanted Uviller. The employers were equally enthusiastic. For Uviller, a man who had spent 16 years as an employers' representative in the coat-and-suit industry, there could have been no greater tribute.

Since that day in 1936 he has labored with fierce dedication at his task. He arrives at his office around 10 a.m., works straight through the lunch hour and seldom departs before 6 p.m. Along Seventh Avenue, Uviller's simplicity has become as legendary as his industry. A Uviller lunch consists of a cup of black coffee, which he brews himself, and some tea biscuits. A guest, however, is favored with a sandwich. Uviller stubbornly resists any persuasion to take a vacation, or air-condition his office, or replace the worn maroon rug and nondescript chairs.

He is determinedly functional in his approach to existence. He has sheared off all the "nonessentials." He has no hobbies, no preferences in food. He regards clothes as merely a protection against the elements. The only ornamentation he permits himself is two or three match folders attached to his belt like cartridge clips. This saves him the time that might otherwise be consumed rummaging about his person for matches.

Uviller belongs to that select fraternity of executives who seldom answer letters. He infinitely prefers face-to-face contact. "And when you see him, he's a magician," says ILG leader Julius Hochman. "You place a problem in Uviller's hands—he considers it, rolls it around, rubs his palms together, and then—pouf, it's disappeared! Solved! A regular Houdini, that Uviller."

Are You a Good Executive?

(Continued from page 42)

is the failure to delegate authority and hence to make room for others to develop and prove themselves. Human beings want a future. They want to be made to feel important. Junior executives are not inspired but, in fact, are discouraged by the superior who competes with them and tries to do everything himself.

Such an "indispensable man" doesn't trust his subordinates to make decisions involving their own work and winds up either blocking progress or making wrong decisions himself. He compensates for his own lack of confidence by destroying it in others.

4. Do you want to play god?

Some strong, able leaders cannot conceive of themselves anywhere but above everybody else. The self-made man is especially likely to resent higher authority, whereas the well rounded executive accepts and respects it. He regards himself not as a lone wolf but a member of his team, responsible to his board, his stockholders and his community and also for the working conditions of his employees. He maintains a two-way channel of communications, with policies and procedures coming from the top down and recommendations and criticisms coming from the bottom up.

The leader responsible only to himself can wreck a corporate team, though he often is a world beater in a small, one-man show where he tends to pick subordinates like himself only weaker. Everybody leans on him.

As Dr. Gardner emphasizes, "Failure as an executive is not a broad indictment. Many of these men can and do succeed at an equal level—or even higher—in other fields."

5. Can you be trusted to play fair?

One tough 70-year-old president, who had built a \$10,000,000-a-year business, called in a psychologist and said, "Doc, I understand you can change people's minds." He explained that his three vice presidents were about to walk out on him. They were all good men, and well paid, and they just couldn't do this to him. He wanted to leave the company as a living monument to his own hard work.

The expert questioned the three junior executives and learned the old man acted as if he owned them

body and soul. He had promised each in secret that he would be his successor as president. Unhappily, they had compared notes and decided they were being sold out.

Told of this, the president said that he believed in competition and was only trying to make them fight harder for his job. Thus, he had fumbled a basic problem in any company, which is not to play department heads against each other but to get them to work as a team. They compete with each other naturally.

Correcting his mistake, the president convinced his staff, "The old boy's got religion," by holding a banquet and confessing his error to them all. All three vice presidents stayed, one admitting he didn't want to be president anyway. When the second was elevated to executive vice president, the third decided it was okay.

6. Do you keep playing the record over?

Success, like dope, can get to be a habit. Some long-time executives try to "freeze" their company's profitable position and level off. They resist new ideas, fight change and say, "After all, young man, we've been doing it this way for 20 years." Promising juniors get bored and seek stimulus elsewhere. Falling into a rut has debilitated and even killed many a company.

7. Can you take it?

Some rising executives count all the financial, social and prestige rewards of becoming head of their company and none of its penalties. Even the most stable, as company presidents sometimes confide, find it's lonely on top. They can't talk over their moves with competitors, naturally, and don't want either stockholders or subordinates boxing with shadows that may not materialize in action. With no one to confide in, some crack.

Here, the wise ones turn elsewhere for counsel, often to their equals in other fields. They seek an objective viewpoint on "How am I doing?" This is where the psychologist, like other business consultants, has become as much a fixture in some firms as legal counsel.

The trouble is, those who need help the most, fear it the most. That was the case of the executive who walked into the psychiatrist's office and said everything was fine—except his sex life, that is.

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Brains Are His Farm Supports

(Continued from page 45)

portant, it was a dependable crop that made money every year. Cotton, grown largely on reclaimed semidesert land, spread over the San Joaquin Valley, passing first one then another of the state's 150 commercial crops, until it became California's No. 1 harvest.

Last year cotton earned \$240,000,000, more than twice as much as citrus. Instead of being poverty sharecroppers, the cotton growers came to be known as "the millionaire farmers of the San Joaquin," a misnomer because 80 per cent of them are small farmers with 40 to 100 acres in cotton. Most of them grow cotton as a dependable income crop and, like Camp and his sons, diversify with potatoes, onions, alfalfa and other vegetables for speculative harvests.

IN time the state agricultural authorities swung around to cotton, too, but not until Camp and the man he trained as his successor at the experiment station, George T. Harrison, had pioneered a still better variety, Acala 4-42, which not only yielded top crops but grew higher off the ground so that the cotton-picking machines could replace stoop labor for the entire harvesting job.

The change-over was made last year for the entire state, through the Cottonseed Cooperative, owned by the growers, which provides certified seed for all farmers at cost. Under the cotton program set up by Camp, no farmer can save his own seed; the gins are authorized to keep only the seed of certain certified farms, while the rest is ground for oil and cattle feed.

In 1934, after seeing growers who followed his counsel prospering in cotton, Camp decided to do likewise. Leasing 1,000 acres of level grazing land north of Bakersfield from the Kern County Land Company, he plunged into farming on his own, on a shoestring consisting of his modest savings plus what he could borrow.

It was a strategic time to tackle farming. On the side he and Larry Taylor, Kern County agricultural agent, had been experimentally planting potatoes, a crop not previously grown commercially in the area. Farmers clung to the old idea that spuds were one crop that should not be fertilized much. Camp and Taylor thought otherwise. Along with commercial ferti-

lizer, they poured on up to three acre-feet of water, another bit of heresy at the time.

After trying scores of combinations, they proved that 1,000 pounds of nitrogen per acre plus plenty of irrigation jumped the yield from 150 to 500 sacks per acre, an output that has since been boosted to even higher levels. Furthermore, the potatoes were jumbo size and they matured in late spring when potatoes were scarce and prices were tops.

By 1936, Camp's second year as a cotton and potato farmer, both crops were booming. Potatoes sold for as high as \$6 a sack. Then came three years of overproduction and dollar-a-sack potatoes. Cotton carried the load while Camp diversified into alfalfa, onions, carrots, sugar beets and other row crops.

The potato bonanza was menaced even more ominously by ring rot, a virus disease brought in by unclean seed stock. With characteristic drive, Camp mobilized his fellow growers into a Kern County Seed Potato Association, of which he is still president, to employ scientists to fight the disease and to grow disease-free stock on clean land in the northwest states. By voluntary agreement the 1,500 Kern potato growers plant only certified seed.

Camp's timely campaign saved not only his own potato deal, but a \$50,000,000 harvest for the state. In recent years, Kern growers have rolled potatoes east by the trainload, supplying three fourths of the national market in May and June. Later, when the craze for slimming diets swept the country and potato consumption fell off, Camp spearheaded another fight to save the potato crop—this time on a nationwide scale.

Catching a plane for Maine, Camp persuaded Aroostook growers to join Kern County farmers and others in underwriting the National Potato Council with headquarters in Washington, D. C. The Council's sole job is to educate housewives about the much-maligned Irish spud, which contains no more calories, by Camp's count, than a slice of toast.

"It's the butter that has the calories, not the potato," he insists, and proves it with statistics.

He's still fighting the battle of the potato. His current gripe is the way the federal subsidy program works. His wrath hits a boll-

ing point because he says that the best potatoes are bought and stored to sustain prices, while the seconds go to market. Following Camp's lead, the Kern County growers consistently have voted down the price-support deal.

Along with his crop pioneering, Camp has handled some spectacular business rehabilitation jobs. One of the toughest of these dropped into his lap early in the depression, when the Bank of America found itself in the farming game in a big way. More than 1,500 farms were relinquished to the bank by discouraged farmers, many of whom piled their families and belongings into cars and rolled away. Having no urge to operate farms, the Bank appealed to Camp to evolve a program for rehabilitating the foreclosed farms.

Applying his gospel of "a quantity of quality crop from every acre," Camp soon had most of the abandoned farms on a productive basis, and then finding farmers to buy them on easy terms was simple. Many of these once-marginal properties are rated today among the more prosperous farms of California.

IN the middle 1930's, Camp was drafted by the USDA to help set up the federal program for rehabilitating the cotton farmers of the deep South. During the war he was drafted again, this time as the USDA and OPA potato-production expert. In California, both the State and San Francisco Chambers of Commerce have put him to work on their agricultural committees.

A commuter by plane between Bakersfield, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington and southern cotton centers, Camp is in great demand as a homespun speaker, particularly on the subject of federal subsidies. Last year two signal honors came his way for his civic chores. The Kern County Chamber of Commerce cited him as "the farmer and philanthropist of the year," and Gov. J. Strom Thurmond of South Carolina made him an honorary colonel for outstanding service to the state of his birth.

There is nothing fancy in the Camp scheme of making the acres yield bumper crops of quality produce. At Georgiana Farms north of Bakersfield, now grown to 4,000 acres and named for his wife who died in 1943, the main buildings are old refrigerator cars joined together for offices and workshops.

The reefers, with their thick, insulated walls, make comfortable air-conditioned work and living quarters for the headquarters

staff. The ranch office, run by 25-year-old Bill, Jr., who is the row-crop farmer, is hooked up by teletype and phone with the markets across the country.

A lot of the Camp prosperity is due to shrewd marketing as well as scientific farming. Bill, Jr., his wife, Anita Jane, and year-old Bill, III, live in a modest cottage on the ranch. Don, 23, the younger son, an enthusiastic cattleman, lives with Bill, Sr., in the big home hidden in a southern garden and noted for its down-South hospitality. That is, Don lives there when he isn't commuting by air between California and South Carolina, where the Camps are reclaiming 5,000 acres of abandoned farm lands to prove that cattle ranching will pay where corn and cotton growing failed.

THE Camp South Carolina operations are a story in themselves. The decision of the Camp sons to study agriculture at Clemson College, where their father was graduated in 1916, reactivated Bill, Sr.'s, enthusiasm for his alma mater. Bill, Jr., and Don were graduated in 1946, after time out for service as Army fliers. While the boys were in college, the father made several sentimental journeys afoot over the old farms he had helped plow as a barefoot youngster. Most of the land was abandoned and overgrown with brush. Former owners had moved to town. When Camp asked them why, the inevitable reply was, "We can't compete with the West."

When the old-timers talked about the droughts that had parched the meager crops, Camp pointed to the rushing streams, like the Cherokee River and the Pacolet, flowing year around past abandoned farms.

"That's a million dollars' worth of water going to sea," he argued, but nobody did anything about pumping it onto the parched land. He even offered to underwrite the cost of an irrigation demonstration to show the farmers how to make their own rain. Friends at Clemson College thought it was a fine idea, but nothing happened.

Finally, in 1946, when Bill, Jr., and Don were graduated, Camp called a group of his 1916 classmates together, wrote out a \$15,000 check, and told them they were directors of the Camp Irrigation Fund, whose purpose was to demonstrate what artificial sprinkling would do for South Carolina crops. This time, Camp got some action. The directors employed an agricultural engineer, equipped him with

a portable pumping and sprinkling rig and told him to dip into a creek and make rain wherever he found a farm drying up.

The idea caught on, and South Carolina is in the throes of an irrigation boom. The Camp Irrigation Fund has spent \$75,000 proving to South Carolina farmers that occasional man-made rain at the right time will not only save crops but boost the yield in both quantity and quality.

By way of practicing his gospel, Camp bought the old abandoned farm on which he was born and several adjoining farms that had reverted to wilderness. Don, the

Foundation, an endowment fund established at Clemson College in his wife's memory, sufficient to help 25 to 30 promising future farmers a year through college. Camp's objective is to fire these youngsters with an enthusiasm for scientific, bumper crop farming. He thinks they will be able to prove to the South that farming has outgrown the mode-of-living era and has emerged as a business, calling for skills equal to those that make for success in urban industries.

"In California the younger generation has stayed on the farm because, to be a good farmer out here, you have to be a business man. You've got to know a lot of things



cattle enthusiast, took charge of clearing the brush and replanting to grass and other forage crops. In a short time the acreage first cleared became pasture lands capable of supporting a beef to the acre.

The Camps now have 1,000 head of cattle and are building toward a goal of 1,500 breeders to establish stock raising as a new industry in the state.

The reclaiming of abandoned lands and the irrigation demonstrations are only part of the Bill Camp program for restoring a prosperous agriculture to his native heath. An even more important project is the Georgiana Camp

—soil husbandry, irrigation, scientific agriculture, how to get a maximum quantity of a quality crop from each acre, how to package and ship and sell.

"The old type of farm, on which a family grew primarily what it needed to eat and to wear, is a thing of the past. California farming was revolutionized first because it was the only way we could survive in a semiarid country thousands of miles from markets. What has happened in California will occur in other states because scientific growing methods lift farming from a means of existence to the status of a business with some challenge for youth."

Uncle Sam's Next Bite

(Continued from page 26)

men who want to borrow money.

Uncle Sam's credit has to be controlled, too. In other words, nearly everybody agrees that we must "pay as we go" with a balanced budget. There are two ways to balance a budget. One is by raising taxes to cover expenditures. The other is by lowering expenditures to fit taxes. Congress has its hatchet out for unnecessary federal spending this year, so a reasonable prediction is that we will pay as we go, partly by higher taxes and partly by cutting down proposed spending by Washington agencies.

The certain fact is that prices still will press upward, regardless of "stabilization." Most of the stabilizers will confess that a "reasonable degree of stabilization," whatever that is, is the best we can expect. Leon Keyserling, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, commented that, after all, production is the goal.

"It's a fine thing," he said, "to have a stabilizer to keep the boat from rocking too much; but if you give all your attention to the stabilizer and none to the engines, the boat won't go anywhere."

IN WASHINGTON, the experts are arguing that civilians will consume just about as much during the coming year as they did during fiscal '51. That's a total for all

civilians, but it conceals a lot of individual headaches and heartbreaks because of the shifting around that comes as the economy is twisted out of shape.

The consumer, himself, will find that he is buying things he doesn't care too much about, because he can't get the things he really wants. He'll find the value of his savings and insurance dwindling because of inflation. His income may not keep pace with rising prices.

The man who sells to consumers will have his troubles—a different set of them depending on what he sells.

The restaurant owner will sell plenty of meals, but his profits will be squeezed between high costs and taxes on one side and price ceilings on the other. He'll have other headaches, too—impending meat shortages, for example, and a scarcity of labor. Many owners already report that they can't get enough waitresses and kitchen help.

The appliance dealer, on the other hand, may find that he has too many employees, as he has more and more trouble getting things to sell. Production won't be cut off completely, but he'll have to be satisfied with what he can get, and put up with off brands and delays in delivery.

The grocer and druggist will find their customers with plenty of money to spend, unless they hap-

pen to be located in a one-industry town where material limitations cause shutdowns and unemployment. There will be some cases of that, too.

The nondefense manufacturer is going to have to do some scrounging for labor and supplies. When asked privately what a manufacturer without a defense contract should do, one defense official answered, "Get one!" That won't always be easy.

So the totals don't mean much. Consumers may spend as much this year as last, but if it goes for night clubs and jewelry instead of ash cans and electric irons, then we're in for economic dislocation. The totals will conceal the side-by-side windfall profits of one firm and the going-out-of-business signs of another.

But this much is certain: fiscal '52 brings the pinch. It will mean high taxes, high prices, profits which may be up or down (and eroded away by taxes in either case), manpower shortages, labor piracy, hoarding, the revival of black markets, and one form after another to be filled out.

But it doesn't stack up, right now at least, as World War II all over again. There are some differences. If we don't have an all-out war, our military forces will be 3,500,000 instead of 12,000,000, and they won't be engaged in full-scale fighting all over the world.

WE should be able to build up to a reasonable margin of military safety, and then taper off the defense program, resting on our stockpiles of ammunition and equipment and a lower level of current production. When will this be, and how much will it take? Nobody quite knows. Talk now centers on the end of 1953 as the target date, but that isn't a firm commitment.

If somebody tells you that Washington is a confused city, you can well believe it. But don't blame all the confusion on the bureaucrats. After all, Stalin and company have been contributing all they can to the chaos, and there are some questions that only the Kremlin can answer.

Assuming that things get no worse militarily, fiscal '52 will probably see us over the hump. We may never get back to what we like to think of as "normal," but we'll move along in that direction. If the fighting in Korea does erupt into World War III, all bets are off—but in that case, most of us won't have time to worry about the civilian economy anyway.

Where the Bite Will Land

It's reasonable to expect—barring all-out war—that you will:

Upgrade workers into higher-paying jobs

Double up jobs to replace workers who have left for war plants

Pay overtime for longer hours

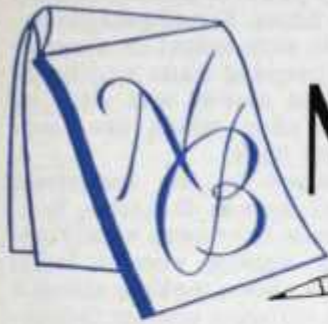
Hear your banker say "No" more often

See prices move up, regardless of stabilization

Find the value of savings and insurance dwindle because of inflation

Watch your employees' income struggle to keep up with prices

Scrounge for labor and supplies



NOTEBOOK

Little fellows grow bigger

LIKE EVERYBODY else, the National City Bank of New York has heard the talk about monopoly and concentration and the need to keep big companies from "gobbling up the little fellows." Unlike most of us, the Bank undertook to find out if this was true or merely a depressing sort of folklore.

So it examined the records of 292 companies which, before 1945, had been too small and closely held to issue financial statements. Since 1945, these companies in almost every major branch of industry and in 33 states have issued statements, principally because they needed to raise new capital.

Reporting on the investigation, in its monthly letter, the Bank says:

"These statements show an increase in total sales from approximately \$1,800,000,000 in 1945 to \$2,700,000,000 in 1949, a gain of 50 per cent. About seven out of every ten individual companies registered an increase; the remainder experienced a decrease, due to the termination of large war contracts or inability to maintain their competitive positions after the war.

"For the manufacturing industries as a whole, the increase from 1945 to 1949 in dollar sales was 31 per cent. Part of the increase in sales was due, of course, to the general rise of prices.

"When the increases were divided according to size of sales in 1945, the gains shown by the smaller companies became even more impressive. The 85 companies which had 1945 sales under \$2,500,000—a sizable volume, though relatively small for the manufacturing industries—had, by 1949, a combined gain of 94 per cent. The first three groups, having 1945 sales less than \$10,000,000 and comprising more than four fifths of the total number, all had gains of more than 50 per cent, whereas the larger companies had progressively smaller increases."

Admitting that the ability of

these particular companies to convert themselves into publicly owned companies is a mark of success to begin with and that their growth is, therefore, not wholly typical, the bank still concludes that, "far from being driven from the field, many smaller companies are growing year after year at a more rapid rate than their biggest competitors in the same fields."

Cutting red tape

BEST free enterprise story we've heard lately concerns Corporal Tomberlin of the 1st Marine Division.

Needing replacement parts for the lubricating equipment with which he serviced his outfit's motorized equipment, he wrote from Seoul direct to the manufacturer, The Aro Equipment Corporation, Bryan, Ohio.

"Please send me such-and-such a part. I'll pay for it myself—"

Aro had the part on its way to him, air mail, within 24 hours.

In return they got a chatty letter:

"Thanks a million for the parts. . . . The fellows all thought it was swell of you and the company. . . . The weather is hell now—snow, mud, ice. We are camped in a river bed so the wind has a good blast at us."

Although the company had specifically stated that the parts were sent without charge, Corporal Tomberlin enclosed a Korean bank note for 100 won, inscribed with good luck wishes from seven members of Motor Section 4-11-S.

Eight years for taxes

THE average American, aged 29, can look forward to working for the Government eight years out of his remaining 36 years of productive life span, according to the Commerce Clearing House.

Enlarging on this in an article in its magazine, under the tongue-in-cheek title, "The Worst Years of

Our Lives," the Clearing House estimates that Mr. A will pay in taxes \$3.70 a day, \$18.50 a week or \$965 a year, if hidden taxes don't increase the take. This will total \$34,743.24 or 22 per cent of his \$4,300 annual income for 36 years.

Then having arrived at this figure the Clearing House decides that their average American maybe isn't average at all because, although the \$34,743.24 will include taxes on cigarette consumption of one pack a day, whisky consumption of one quart a month, a tax on his automobile and on his home, his telephone, his vacation trips and two fur coats for his wife, an average man over 36 years might buy a baseball glove for junior (federal tax ten per cent) or a phonograph record (ten per cent) or a light bulb (20 per cent) or tires (five cents a pound).

Coal's superman

THE lumbering industry has long had its Paul Bunyan. The cowboys have sung the exploits of Pecos Bill and the steel men have boasted about the strength of Joe Magarac.

Now the coal industry promises to out-do them all with a superman capable of producing 100 tons per man-day.

This paragon won't be a legend whose prowess was dreamed up for amusement beside a lonely campfire. Instead he will be any American miner and his prowess is being dreamed up in a laboratory. Moreover, it is only one of some 30 projects on the agenda of Bituminous Coal Research, Inc.—a cooperative agency supported by some 300 coal companies, railroads and equipment manufacturers.

The thing which is expected to increase productivity of miners by 20-fold is the continuous mining machine. Two types have been tried out over the past two years. Both are designed to replace the traditional step-by-step mining process by eliminating drilling and blasting while cutting and loading from the coal seam simultaneously. While doing all this, it is expected to lower mining costs by 50 per cent.

But, says the Business Conditions Weekly of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, the continuous miner "is only one of many ideas. Machine cutting has become almost universal and mechanical loaders have replaced hand loading in about 70 per cent of all bituminous mines. Timbering machines replace roof-support props in a growing number of mines and electric locomotives and conveyer

belts are familiar mining aids. The modern tippie, where coal is cleaned washed and sized symbolizes the new coal industry as truly as the blast furnace marks the modern steel mill."

Other projects include the experiment at Louisiana, Mo., where the U. S. Bureau of Mines is producing gasoline from coal at the rate of 250 barrels a day; underground gasification of coal; development of better space heaters, automatic boilers, automatic stokers and a coal-burning gas-turbine railroad locomotive.

National Guard goes to camp

BUSINESS managers all over the country are changing summer schedules so that some of their patriotic workers can substitute bugles for alarm clocks for a couple of weeks.

The workers, several hundred thousand of them, are members of the 4,000 federally recognized National Guard units which, in the course of the four months starting in June, will live the field life of full-time servicemen under the supervision of their own officers and representatives of the regular Army. In some cases Guardsmen will train with units of the regular Army. The goal, of course, is a National Guard, physically and tactically ready to take effective part in national defense if necessary.

"The goal is for 100 per cent field camp attendance this year," says Maj. Gen. Raymond H. Fleming, acting chief, National Guard Bureau. "With the full cooperation of business and industry we can reach that goal."

Last year 92 per cent of the men were able to make camp because business leaders cooperated with the Guard through liberal leave policies for Guardsmen-employees. Many firms grant full leave with pay for the two-week camp period without loss of regular vacation time or pay.

Everybody goes trout fishing

IF EMPLOYEES want to take time off to go fishing on the first day of the trout season, the usual answer is to accept the situation with resignation. But that isn't Horace D. Gilbert's answer. He is a fisherman himself as well as president of Miniature Precision Bearings, Inc., of Keene, N. H.

So, for the past several years, he has staged a "Trout Derby" on opening day of the season. Employees are paid their regular wages up to 11 o'clock in the morning. Reporting back to work, they must

show their fishing license plus a creel or wet line to prove they were actually fishing; and those who care to throw a dollar in the pot compete for prizes for such things as the largest fish, quickest limit, best looking girl-fisherman, most disreputable man and best spontaneous excuse.

This year girls won most of the prizes—but then they outnumber men employees—they're handler at making tiny bearings.

What's the sense in this?

Well, in a fairly tight labor market, Miniature Precision Bearings has a waiting list of prospective employees.

New model GI shoes

ARMY Quartermaster Corps researchers are trying to eliminate one of the GI's favorite gripes. They want to improve his shoes—notably the shank, which is a small strip running from the heel down into the sole. It supports the foot and helps form the shoe.

Shanks of present GI shoes are made of steel which the Army would prefer to throw at the enemy if a substitute material could be found. One has been offered—a plastic shank using ten different compositions and the Quartermaster will test them out—which ought to lead naturally into some sort of crack about the old adage, "shoemaker stick to your last."

The experimental shanks were developed by the American Optical Company.

Nails hold tighter

DOWN at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, the Independent Nail and Packing Company is sponsoring researches calculated to guard this country against the embarrassments recorded in the old madrigal which began, "For want of a nail, the shoe was lost—."



"I know! But you ought to see the mouse traps he makes!"

So far the effort has so improved the design of the common nail that its holding power is increased from two to six times. Developments include nails with spiral or angular grooves, threaded nails which resemble wood screws and nails of aluminum alloy which are non-rusting and light.

As reported in the *Industrial Bulletin* of Arthur D. Little, Inc., the new nails have been widely accepted for nailing wooden heels on women's shoes, making wooden pallets for shipping and for fastening asbestos shingles. Other results:

It appears that threaded nails fasten flooring and stair treads so firmly that creaking and buckling are eliminated; they do not work up when used to lay linoleum on plywood flooring; they are useful with green lumber; they eliminate creep and popping when used to fasten siding, shingles and under-flooring.

Threaded nails give the unsheathed framing of a house four to six times greater thrust resistance, and can be used in bottle cases and wooden pallets in place of screws.

Incidentally the nail market is about 1,000,000 tons annually.

Covered bridges

CAMERA fans will like this one: A new covered bridge is being built at Charlemont, Mass., and another is to be reconstructed.

This is the first such bridge to be built in 50 years but, says the Massachusetts Commissioner of Public Works: "These rare antiques cannot be preserved indefinitely for posterity, but they should be replaced wherever possible."

No municipal taxes

RESIDENTS of Mt. Pleasant, N. Y., will pay no municipal taxes this year.

This is why, as explained by the Public Administration Clearing House:

"The city has foreclosed on a number of properties which were four years in arrears on taxes and, through the resale of this real estate, has made enough to meet this year's budget."

"Such action is possible under a New York law, first adopted in 1939 and held constitutional by the U. S. Supreme Court in 1947, which permits cities to take action against tax delinquent property rather than against the person who owns or has an interest in it. Under this procedure, it is unnecessary to

have a search made to determine who owns the property or to serve papers on him personally.

"Specifically, the procedure works this way: On May 1 of each year, the municipality files a list of all parcels of property on which taxes have not been paid in four years. The filing is advertised and notices mailed to the last known address of each owner. He has seven weeks in which to pay back taxes. If he doesn't, the property is turned over to the municipality which may dispose of it as it wishes."

Retired folk run exhibit

EIGHT HUNDRED and thirty-three years of electrical service will be riding with General Electric Company's "More Power to America" exhibit train as it makes its 30,000 mile tour of the country's industrial centers this summer.

Except for this the tour might have been canceled.

Facing a critical need for trained technical men in important defense engineering and production assignments, the company was wondering how it could spare 20 young engineers to accompany the train.

Then 20 of the company's retired engineering and sales experts volunteered for temporary service on the streamliner. The offer was accepted.

"It is particularly appropriate," said Chester H. Lang, company vice president and manager of the Apparatus Marketing Division, "to put today's message of 'more power to America' into the enthusiastic hands of a group of youngsters who helped transform the United States from a country of horsecars and hand labor into the industrial giant of today."

Average term of company service of the volunteers is 41 years.

Foremen may read quickly

WITH its May issue a new arrival joined the family of digest magazines. Named the *Foreman's Digest* and published in Englewood, N. J., it will, says Mort Friedlander, its editor, cover more than 300 publications from cover to cover to find the month's best reading for foremen. Articles chosen will be condensed for easy, quick reading.

Sources for articles in the first issue include "United Nations World," "The Wall Street Journal," "Harvard Business Review."

And, being a trifle smug, NATION'S BUSINESS. The article chosen was Earl B. Steele's "Holes in Our Public Purse."



Remember when bathing suits looked like these? It was mah-jongg instead of canasta then, and bobbed hair and beauty parlors were taking their places on Main Street.

How'd you feel about wearing such a rig at the beach now? Probably the same way you'd feel about living in a community that hadn't changed a bit since the '20's. The good old days are fine for talking about—but for having around, uh uh. Nobody wants to live on a sidetrack and watch the world and the blessings of progress roll by. That's why most people are willing to do something about improving the place where they live and work.

But people alone don't make a better community. People working together do. That's where your chamber of commerce comes in. It's the rallying point for those who want a hand in shaping the good old days of tomorrow.

How about you? Are you ready to pitch in? If so, your chamber of commerce executives will tell you about membership.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

OF THE UNITED STATES • Washington 6 • D C

The Escalator AND THE FREE TAX RIDE



EXCELLENT testimony has established that "man does not live by bread alone."

What he does live by—on the physical plane—is not so surely determined.

Does he live by income taxes, for instance?

Organized labor says, in effect, that he does.

Management says he doesn't.

Specifically, the argument is whether income taxes should be included in setting the Consumers' Price Index on which an increasing number of wage agreements are based. Already the wages of nearly 3,000,000 workers go up—and presumably down—when living costs, as determined by the Index, fluctuate.

That the Index should be precise is obviously essential for those whose pay is bound to it.

That it is equally essential for those whose pay is not so bound is almost unanimously overlooked.

SO CALLED escalator clauses, previously fairly common in England and Denmark, came to this country in World War I when they were established as a matter of government policy in war industry centers, notably the shipyards. Most active protestant was labor which objected that such clauses tied the workers to a fixed living standard. Opponents of the idea, not necessarily labor, take the same view today.

To measure living costs, the

Bureau of Labor Statistics collected food, clothing, housing and "miscellaneous" prices, performed computations, and arrived at a figure which it called "The Cost of Living Index." As a matter of information that first figure, for October, 1919, was 129.3 using the years 1935-1939 as 100. [As first published 1913 was the base giving 183 as the index for 1919.]

In 1925 the Bureau published a booklet, "Use of Cost of Living Figures in Wage Adjustment," but interest was lagging and the booklet was thoroughly forgotten until a Bureau employe recently rummaged it out of the files.

BLS, although not wholly satisfied with it, continued to figure the Index, making revisions from time to time. Eventually it started a complete modernization job, scheduled for completion in 1952 and costing \$3,000,000—which statisticians say is not excessive.

Revision is by the Bureau's Price Division aided by three advisory committees, representing business, labor and the American Statistical Association, each of which has a subcommittee meeting directly with the Price Division.

Then escalator clauses, based on the Index, came back.

WITHOUT waiting for the complete revision, BLS put in such changes as were ready. It broadened its machinery to cover many new items including frozen foods, canned baby foods, gas for home

heating, group hospitalization, home permanents, television, toasters, cola drinks and ice cream.

The Price Division does not maintain that all these things are essential living costs. The WCTU insists that beer, at least, isn't. But the Index is based, not on what people should buy, but on what they do buy.

In reporting prices the Division also adds excise and sales taxes to, as business points out, the detriment of labor groups in weak bargaining positions, union members who do not have contracts with escalator clauses and persons with fixed incomes.

At a time when everyone undoubtedly must bear an increased tax burden, excise taxes included in sales costs become part of the price level as measured by the present Index. An increase in excises, then, would mean an increase in the Index. Those workers with escalator clauses would find their wages going up accordingly.

Obviously they do not carry their share of the tax burden. They pay the higher taxes but are reimbursed for them.

If labor should succeed in getting income taxes included in the Index, the problems would be infinitely multiplied. There would be widespread distortions in the tax burden borne by people even in the same income groups and the tax increases which everyone expects would become powerful inflationary pressures—inclusion of income taxes would raise the Index, which would raise wages of those with escalator clauses. This, in turn, would increase income tax payments, again raising the Index, and so on ad inflation.

As the trend appears to be toward wider use of the Index in setting wages—89 union contracts signed since June, 1950, include escalator clauses—the operation of this spiral would gain speed rapidly.

THE debate over this subject has become so lively that the House Education and Labor Committee called a "friendly hearing" where government officials, labor and management could express their views.

The Committee, if it plans any action after hearing the testimony, has not explained what it is.

Meanwhile, and nobody seems to object, the worker with an escalator clause may find his appendicitis scar shows in his pay check.

The Index measure of medical costs is based partially on appendectomies.

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For any transportation requirement of industry or defense, new and rebuilt freight cars are going into Pennsylvania Railroad service this year at an unprecedented rate . . . on the average, a car every 2½ minutes of the working day . . . hopper cars, box cars, gondolas and flat cars.

Many car shops, including our own, are working on this freight car production program. From the car builders last year we ordered 20,000 new box cars and gondolas, the biggest freight car order in railroad history. These are in addition to 6,610 new cars under construction in our own shops. More than 14,000 of these new freight cars have been built and delivered. Furthermore, in the Pennsylvania's shops we have almost completed the rebuilding of 34,000 freight cars.

When the building and rebuilding program is completed this year, the Pennsylvania will have more than 200,000 freight cars in service for industry and defense. World War II revealed the vital role of railroad transportation. Ever since then it has been our goal to remain ready for any emergency.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

